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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. XVIII.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1889.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVIII, No. 1.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Seventh Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.,
Oct. 25, 1861.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,
P. C.

According to the *Instructiones* for *Castrenses Missionarii*, with which you kindly furnished me when I was leaving New York, I write to you as often as an opportunity presents itself. There is yet no mail-line established between any harbor in the United States and this portion of the army. Transports are very willing to take charge of any letters we wish to send, but they are so unreliable that only absolute necessity could induce us to confide our little documents to them. Men-of-war, when passing here on their cruise, very kindly offer us their services as *mail-carriers*; but, like the transports, they are not always masters of their own movements. They drop our letters at Havana, at the Isthmus, or at some port of Mexico or South America, where they must wait for an opportunity of being sent to New York. This irregularity explains to me why I have received thus far only one answer to the many communications I have addressed to you, and it will, I trust, be a sufficient explanation to you if my preceding letters have not reached you. Whether I hear from you or not, I shall continue, in obedience to your *Instructiones* to keep you informed that I

am in the land of the living—if it is correct to call Santa Rosa the *land* of the living.

You must have heard before this of the attack made on our camp on the night of October the 8th, or the morning of the 9th. The Confederates showed with a vengeance that two can play at "night attacks." The surprise was so complete, the attack was so spirited and violent, and sustained by such overwhelming numbers, that all the public and private property of the regiment was destroyed, before we could get ourselves into a position of defence, or before we were able to distinguish friend from foe. The utmost confusion prevailed. "Come up for your ammunition, Company E;" cried out the officer whose duty it was to attend to the distribution of cartridges. To his indescribable amazement, the officer saw a band of strangers present themselves to receive the offered ammunition.—But allow me to follow the current of events as they fell under my notice in the darkness of that dreadful night; then I shall furnish the explanation of those events, given us next day by the prisoners, or gathered by our own observation of scenes along the island.

As a preface, and as an explanation of the surprise, I would say that the volunteers have, from one cause or another, egregiously failed to observe a very wise army regulation, "not to fire off their guns except at an enemy, or within a time designated by the commanding officer." A musket, therefore, discharged outside the appointed time was equivalent to a call to arms: "The enemy is advancing! Turn out!" The volunteers placed on picket duty were always cautioned to heed this order. But unfortunately there is another army regulation, which the picket guard were particularly instructed to observe above all things, and which in their minds is a direct contradiction of the direction first laid down. It is that the picket guard must not allow themselves to be entrapped at their post by any lurking spy, who may be concealed in the bushes, or, assuming an innocent air, come too near the post. If the intruder does not give immediate satisfaction, let the picket shoot him down, otherwise he might overpower the picket, and thus clear a safe passage for the enemy to march unmolested into camp. Now, our watchful pickets had us out every night by shots at supposed enemies prowling around their beat. Daylight showed, however, that the enemy was an alligator, an opossum or something similar, or nothing at all. This continual repetition of false alarms made the soldiers indifferent about the picket warnings. It was the old story of "Wolf! wolf!"

Thus, sometime in the latter part of the night of the 8th,

or early in the morning of the 9th of October, we heard in camp several shots out on the picket line, but we foolishly imagined it was a repetition of an attack on an imaginary spy, or some foraging alligator. The sentry at headquarters shouted lustily: "Sharp firing at the picket line!" but his information was unheeded. "This is outrageous;" said the colonel to me, "I must stop this firing; we shall never be able to know when the real attack is made." The night was intensely dark. The firing continued with unabated fury. Yells and shouts of triumph were sailing over the still air into camp. "This is more than an attack on an alligator," said one. "The whole picket line has a fight amongst themselves," said another. No one seemed to think the enemy was on the island. The few soldiers in camp were, with rifle in hand, marching hither and thither among the tents, condemning this folly of firing at every shadow. But lo! whilst we are wondering what this fusilade is about, it dawns upon us that our camp has been silently invaded, and that its streets are thronged with strangers. There was a knock-down here, a pistol-shot there, then a sword-thrust, but no general fight. Not light enough to distinguish friend from foe!

At this juncture, Company E was called to receive its ammunition, with the incident mentioned above. The number of soldiers had been very much diminished by sending many companies to other commands, as Forts Taylor, Pickens, and Jefferson. There were exactly, according to the morning report of the 8th of October, 207 men in camp. This number was further reduced by furnishing a detail for guard duty at the fort, and for guard and picket duty for our own camp. The colonel, before ordering to fire, was trying to get the few men at his disposal in some shape near headquarters. Whilst they were moving off towards the place indicated, singly and silently, I re-entered my tent for a moment. In the prevailing darkness I could not distinguish an object. Stepping out again to procure a light, I was grasped by a stout hand and asked, "Who are you?" "Chaplain of the regiment," I replied. "Not so; you are nothing but a —— Yankee. Stand there. You are a prisoner." I was surrounded by a crowd of strapping fellows all eager for plunder. Profiting by the darkness, I stepped over towards our rendezvous. Just as I reached the place, the entire camp burst out into a terrible blaze. The pine arbors, surrounding the tents, were in the best condition possible to catch and spread the fire.

There was no difficulty now in distinguishing our own men from strangers. Therefore a rattling fusilade began,

The enemy seem bewildered. They appear to have made a terrible blunder. They are in possession of our camp, and they act as if they do not know how or why. Dawn is breaking, and without returning any more than a few shots to our fire, the dashing enemy hastily depart. They certainly made dreadful havoc with our camp, commissary and quartermaster stores. Of all that was ours, there remain now but smoking ruins. My tent, chalice, vestments, etc., were all swept away by the unsparing flames. Four hundred and forty-five dollars in gold, left with the vestments (we had been paid two days before the attack was made), were carried off, or consumed in the conflagration. The United States paymaster, with his chests of gold, came very near being caught. He had left our camp and returned to the fort, just four hours before the arrival of the Southern brigade. Neither officers nor men had anything else left them than the suit each had on.

No use in lamenting over our loss. The order is issued to pursue and capture or punish the invaders and destroyers of our camp. Having no information about the place or the means of their landing on the island, we could form no plan for pursuing them, or heading them off by getting between them and their boats. Concluding that they had effected a landing on the bay-beach, we started on a "double quick" for the northern shore, whilst the enemy were moving along the middle of the island. Two minutes later, a strong body of regulars, under command of Major Vogdes from Pickens, joined us. Clouds were gathering; dawn withdrew her smiling countenance; darkness of night was trying to resume her sway. Reaching the ruins of the old Spanish fort, Captain Seely of the regulars called our attention to a dense mass, a short distance to our right, towards the centre of the island. "Are those some of our own men, or are they the enemy whom we have cut off from their boats?" asked Captain Seely. Major Vogdes, the commanding officer, who is a myope, halted the eager command, said he could see nothing unusual, but that he would, to satisfy all, ride over to the supposed enemy. We waited impatiently for the major's return. After considerable delay, a Southern officer, arrayed in his gray uniform, presented himself, and informed us that Major Vogdes had surrendered himself and command to the Confederate forces. It was now clear daylight. The men shouted "Treachery! treachery! General Twiggs' game a second time! We are betrayed by our officers." Captain Seely, now senior officer, assumed command, and, riding up to the messenger, said: "All the traitors in the army cannot make us surrender. Return to your friends,

and tell them to come and take us." This little sentence evoked from the men "three cheers for Seely" and shouts of defiance for the enemy halted at some distance from us. The one hundred and twenty regulars, under Captain Seeley and 1st Lieut. Hildt, re-enforced by our less than two hundred men, were all that we had to meet the now threatened attack of the Confederates far outnumbering us. A charge is being made. On they come in a rush. "Give them a sweeping volley;" said Seeley. The volley was given when the invaders were but a few steps from our lines. Without firing a shot, the avalanche bore us down, passed over us, and carried off five of our men, prisoners, towards their boats. As the enemy did not fire, for some reason unknown to us, none of our men were killed or wounded. The number of poor Southerners stretched on the sand told of the terrible havoc which our volley at close quarters had produced.

Here I separated from the combatants. Our men continued the pursuit of the retreating enemy; I remained alone with the Southern killed and wounded. Captain Robinson, arriving on the "double quick" with more re-enforcements from the fort, said to me: "Well done, Father! These *were* our enemies; they are not now. As soon as you can, go to the picket line; the firing of last night must have left scores of wounded there. Ambulances are ordered from the fort." The poor prostrate Southerners did not detain me long. To my remark that I was a Catholic priest, and was ready to do for them whatever I could, one said: "I'll see you another time." Another said: "I am a deist." A third: "I am an infidel, and do not wish to be annoyed at present with notions about religion." This one says: "Give me a drink of water;" this other: "Put something under my head." One whose head Seeley had cleft with his sword during the rush, said to me: "Tie something around my head—if I stir it will fall in two parts, one on each shoulder." . . . Leaving them to the care of a surgeon and his aids, I hurried towards the scene of the night's conflict.

Many a poor fellow I found stiff in death. Pursuing my course over sand-hills, and through hollows, in search of the wounded, I heard the confessions of those found alive, and hastily started to look for more. Of course, I gave neither extreme unction nor holy Viaticum. All our own people, Protestants and Catholics, without a single exception, accepted my spiritual assistance. At the picket line, I found two Confederate soldiers, both mortally wounded. After a little hesitation, they said they were Catholics, and made their confessions. They belonged, they told me, to Tennessee regiments stationed at Pensacola. They gave the

information that all those who had crossed over to the island were *selected* from the various regiments composing Bragg's army. "We thought we could come over here, inflict some damage on you, and return safely to Pensacola," said one of the sufferers, "but, sir, we met with a terrible check." A little farther on, I found another Confederate, but dead. He evidently was a Catholic. He had his *Agnus Dei*, scapular, and cross, neatly fastened around his neck. He must have fallen in the attack on the picket line. From the fact that he was on his knees leaning against a sand-bank, I concluded the poor fellow was not killed instantaneously, but feeling himself mortally wounded, he had hastened to devote the few moments of life yet left him to prepare himself to meet his God. There was nothing to indicate his name. Some of his wounded companions thought his name was Walsh.—But what is this unearthly howling of a dog I hear? Here comes Manassas (whose history was given in a former letter), howling piteously. He jumps on me, pulls me by the coat, and darts off over the sand-hills. Clearly seeing that there was something to which the noble brute would call my attention, I followed him. After a few minutes' walk, I could see the dog violently scraping the sand about a prostrate soldier in gray. Manassas ran to meet me, as if to urge my speed. The man was dead. He was probably the owner of Manassas, who had promised to come for him, and whom Manassas met on his landing on Santa Rosa.

The Christian charity displayed by our own poor wounded edified me beyond expression. The sun, now far up in the heavens, discovered our men five miles from what had been our camp, in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy, leaving their course marked with many a bleeding soldier. I was, of course, soon left far behind. Every prostrate man arrested my progress. The poor fellows, hearing the continued rattle of musketry ahead of us, concluded that many of their companions were in as much need of my assistance as themselves, and therefore delayed me as little as possible. One poor fellow, evidently in great pain, seeing me approach him, said to me: "Father, don't lose your time with me; you can return to me after having attended to the others. I have only my leg broken." Presently I came upon another; he too was thinking of his fellow soldiers. "Pass on to some one else, Father," said he to me, "I was with you Saturday, I have done nothing wrong since."

But look! Literally piles of dead! Here is where the firing first began. They are *all strangers;* not one of ours amongst them! They are, I presume, fair specimens of the

different regiments forming Bragg's command. No two had the same uniform. The first was a tall, robust young man, who evidently had not feared to expose his life for his cause. It was Captain Bradford, as the name engraved on the splendidly mounted pistol which he firmly grasped plainly indicated. His face and ample chest were literally riddled. His death must have been instantaneous, for no indication of suffering could be traced in the placid expression of his noble features. The next was a victim of far more delicate type; a fair young man with long curling hair, his blue eyes were half open, his youthful hand was grasping a terrible wound in his side; he had no appearance of a soldier. By the side of this one lay a beardless boy, who must have died from a bayonet wound through which his bowels were protruding. But there is not one of ours amongst them! This is a mystery which will be explained later.—I appear to be alone. Surgeons and ambulance corps are probably attending to the wounds of those I have seen. The day is far advanced, and I am exhausted; not able to procure a drink of water. But why complain? The poor disabled and dying have been unable to wet their lips. The soldiers engaged in deadly strife in our advance have nothing to eat or drink. Where is the pursuit to end? If our men have to keep up the chase till they reach the end of the island, they will have a run of forty miles.

I now turn my steps towards the northern side of the island—the bay-beach. There the pickets had "massed" to make a determined stand, and there I found the sad proofs of a severe attack and brilliant defence. There, intermingled with the dead, lay several whose terrible wounds rendered them completely helpless. Their companions, after having yielded to superior numbers, fell back on the camp, taking with them the wounded that needed only assistance to move. Those who should have to be carried were left behind. They were now, poor fellows, stiff and sore; yet they complained not. An ambulance has just arrived with refreshments and surgical aid. How thankful they were for this godsend! They had spent many hours with their gaping wounds exposed to a broiling sun and the unsparing insects, and without a drop of water to moisten their parched lips. The rapid firing, up the island, tells us the enemy has taken a stand, and will be driven no further. "Hurry on, Father," said these men generously to me, "you can see us when all this will be over." I hastily attended to the poor fellows, and moved on in search of more. I found a young Confederate officer stretched on the wet sand of the bay-beach badly wounded. A minie-ball had broken both legs below the

knees. Believing him to be in great danger, I told him who I was, and offered him my services as a priest. "I don't think I need you at present," he said, "I am a Southern volunteer." I hailed a passing ambulance, and had him placed in the vehicle as gently as it could be done. He said he was faint, and asked for a drink of water, which we gave him, such as it was, and whatever else the ambulance service had at hand. He seemed to be dying; yet he declined my services. After having taken a little stimulant, he remarked: "I am Lieut. S —, of Montgomery, Alabama."

Following still the traces of conflict, I soon came to a poor Zouave badly wounded and anxiously hoping for a visit from surgeon and priest. After having made his confession, he said: "Father, a little while ago, a Protestant was struck down, and as he fell, he requested us to send you to him. You will find him on the other side of the hill." Quickly running off in the direction pointed out, I found, after a few moments' search amongst the hillocks, Corporal Parsonage of New York. The white sand around had been reddened with the blood which flowed copiously from his wounds. Seeing him so very still, not even a sigh or groan escaping from his lips, I feared he was dead. Though lying on his side, his face was turned towards the ground, and his hands were joined as if in prayer. To make sure, I took him by the hand. To my great relief he turned up his face, deadly pale, opened his dying eyes, and in a feeble voice said: "Ah! it is you, Father; I have been expecting you; I am dying." "Courage, Corporal," I whispered to him, "we can't very well afford to let you go yet. Now is the time we are most in need of such as you." "Oh! Father, I am going fast. A bayonet and two balls have done their work." "Well, Corporal, you know who I am, do you wish to die in the Catholic Church?" "I most earnestly wish to die a Catholic. I made up my mind some time since, the first Sunday we spent on Santa Rosa, the first great Mass we had, to speak to you about being baptized; but I foolishly put it off." "It is not yet too late," I assured him. The canteen in which I usually carried a little water, was, with everything else, consumed in the beginning of the attack. I had, therefore, no water at hand, and no one to send for any; no one near except dead and dying. He had never been baptized. I must have recourse to some expedient to procure water. I told him the case, and that I would look among the dead and disabled for a canteen. Fearing he should die in my absence without baptism, he besought me not to delay, for if left alone he might die in despair. He was rapidly sinking. I tore myself away from him, ran breath-

less to the gulf-beach, steeped my handkerchief in the clear blue salt-water of the ever ruffled Gulf of Mexico, returned, and baptized the dying soldier by squeezing my handkerchief over his fainting brow. "Oh! thank God! I am saved;" he exclaimed, as the water flowed over his pallid features. "Now, Father, I beg you not to leave me." "But remember, my dear Corporal," I said, "there are at this moment many others stretched on the sand as you are, anxiously awaiting my arrival; and perhaps, my dear friend, as near death as you are." "That is very true;" he said, "but they are Catholics, Father; they know how to die. I was a Protestant, and never dreamt of preparing for death. You have not long to wait; in a moment I shall have appeared before my God." I remained with him, and it was but a moment. From the very midst of a scene of war and strife, of blood and carnage, his pure soul took her flight to the abode of eternal peace.

Before breathing forth his regenerated spirit, he requested me to inform his family how happy he felt in dying in the Catholic Church; that in this supreme moment of his life, he had no other regret than that his relations should remain strangers to the great happiness within their easy reach, that they should die without sharing in the great grace he had himself just received. He begged me to see them or write to them, and convey to them his dying wish, that they should lay aside all prejudices against Catholics, and make the acquaintance of some Catholic priest. He gave his family's address, but I have completely forgotten it. He was very dear to the men, and was held in high esteem by the officers. He had been offered by Colonel Wilson, who placed great confidence in him, the grade of orderly sergeant; but the young man, out of deference to older and more experienced soldiers, constantly refused anything higher than a corporal's *stripes*.[1]

Scouting amongst bushes (for we have already reached that part of the island where such growth is found) and sand-hills, in search of dying soldiers, I found a number of our own dead, mixed pell-mell with those of the enemy. There were strong indications of a fierce conflict having taken place there. Our men were all members of the picket line, who fought desperately to stay the advance of the

[1] When Fr. Henry Duranquet had read the above details, he interested himself at once in finding Corporal Parsonage's N. Y. relatives. The father knew that his brother lived in the city and found his address in the directory. He then wrote to him that he had news to communicate about his brother who had enlisted in the Wilson Zouaves. The brother called at once and heard from Fr. Duranquet all the details related above. The father then left him to his own reflections. About six years later, the brother called again, asking to be received into the Church and saying that he had been thinking of this ever since he heard of his brother's death.

enemy, and give those in camp time to organize to meet the foe. But those in camp did not organize, and failed to come to the relief of their overpowered but brave companions. Not a single breathing human being was to be found who could tell of the bravery of those soldiers whose stiffened bodies lay in close proximity—friends and foes. Poor fellows!

A couple of ambulances drawn by fiery mules just appeared, to take up the wounded. Perceiving none but dead in this part of the island, and hearing a disorderly but rapid discharge of firearms, accompanied by ringing shouts, I concluded that my presence was more needed there than wandering among the bushes where I was meeting only with the dead. At my request, one of the ambulances was allowed to take me to the scene of action. Urged by the cutting whip of the sturdy teamster, the panting mules had me in a short time with our own men who received me with a rousing cheer. "Have you seen to all the wounded, Father?" asked Col. Wilson. "All that I could find," I replied. The scene before me was literally appalling. The retreating enemy had arrived at the point of the island where they had landed during the night, and were getting off to a steamboat, anchored at a considerable distance from shore, as fast as their means of transportation allowed. This river-steamer had a number of flat-boats attached to her. From the steamer to the shore ran a long stout rope by means of which, instead of oars or poles, the floats, laden with soldiers, were pulled to and from the island. Our men, regulars and volunteers, united under the command of Captain Robinson, 1st U. S. Artillery, arrived on the scene when all but one *flat* had crossed over to the steamer with their loads of retreating soldiers. The boat still at our shore was completely crammed with those probably charged with protecting the rear—checking the pursuit. Capt. Robinson placed his men in a commanding position, holding those in the *flat* within short range, and gave the order: "Load and fire at will till they surrender." A dreadful havoc was thus made amongst the occupants of the *flat*, who would not or could not surrender. They did not fire a shot in defence. The *flat* was evidently aground, and the mad efforts of the living targets were directed towards freeing their boat. The fire began to slacken, our men had not the heart to continue firing at an unresisting foe, yet they refused to surrender. The steamer which had conveyed the soldiers from Pensacola had her decks crowded with men, shouting encouragement to their endangered companions, but all in vain. "Boys," said Captain Robinson, "try your rifles on those aboard the steamer." A shower of death-bearing messen-

gers sped across the water, and caused quite a scattering among the sympathizers with the forlorn *flat.* General Gardiner, as we have since heard, who had command of the whole expedition, was the first to be struck. It was evident the steamer could not remain where she was. She raised her anchor, cut the rope connecting her with the shore, and left the *flat* with its unfortunate freight in our hands. Seeing the boat move off, those imprisoned on the *flat* raised a white flag and humbly surrendered. Our men greeted the little emblem with repeated cheers, and rushed down to the water's edge to see the result of the bullets that had been rained into the boat. What a sight! We drew back in horror. There before us was a perfect slaughter-pen! Blood everywhere! Blood on wounded, on unhurt, on men and on boards! Aye, the very water that had found its way into the flat-boat was so colored with human gore that it might be said the men were up to their ankles in blood. Everything possible to relieve the injured was done. Our little ambulance stores at hand were freely furnished. Surgeons, officers and men tenderly cared for them to their utmost ability. "Why did you not surrender? Why did you not surrender?" was repeatedly asked. "We hoped every minute the steamer would contrive some means of rescuing us from the danger of being taken prisoners," was the only reply.

The battle, the fearful attack, with the terrible punishment —if not revenge—following, is all at an end; the enemy's dead and wounded and prisoners are in our hands. With the last shot disappeared all animosity from our hearts. The kindest feelings are extended to the enemy, now at our mercy. In spite of the hunger and fatigue from which we are all suffering, we have to gather, as gently as soldiers can, into some of the hospitals, the poor wounded, scattered over a large tract of the island, to lead our prisoners securely to the fort, and to pick up the dead, spread like the wounded over several miles of Santa Rosa. *Details* are made out, and different squads are assigned to parallel sections of the island; these, moving abreast and close to each other, so effectually scour the tract of sand between the site of the final engagement and the fort, that there is no possibility of missing any one, dead, wounded or lurking. Teamsters with their mules and carts are promptly at hand to remove the helpless and lifeless.

On our way back to what had been our camp, fraternizing with our prisoners, who seem to be nearly all officers, we entered into conversation with them about their unceremonious visit to our camp and their failure. "You Yanks come

over to our side, and do us a deal of mischief, but you get off safely," said one of the prisoners, "we come over here, and do you fellows a sight of harm, but we lose the best soldiers of Bragg's army." The poor fellows, as hungry and as tired as we are, give us the history of the expedition, their intentions and blunders. The troops sent over were picked men, selected from the various regiments composing Bragg's command. There was great opposition to the expedition; for cool heads saw no proportion between the risk incurred, and the advantage to be derived. The young heads gained their point, and many officers and young hot-headed civilians volunteered to serve as privates in the capture of Fort Pickens. These volunteers are accused of having caused the miscarriage of the plans. The enemy had received, from a Canadian deserter, exact information about the position of our camp, our strength, and the line and number of our pickets. With this knowledge, they formed the plan of surprising, first the Zouaves, then the fort, and, with the rising sun, of saluting the Confederate flag streaming over Pickens. They said that the number of men composing the invading column was 1500. The *Pensacola Observer*, brought over by deserters since the battle, puts the number at 2000. It gives the name of each regiment from which the men were selected and the number of men it furnished.

Landed on Santa Rosa, the enemy divided into two columns, one taking the southern or gulf-beach, the other the northern or bay-beach. They would thus avoid our picket and guard, who for some reason (or perhaps without any reason), held no posts on the beaches east of the camp. Having thus safely passed the sentinels, and having arrived unobserved opposite the camp, the two columns were simultaneously to wheel inwards, one from the bay, the other from the gulf-beach, suddenly fall on us, and, without firing a shot, to utterly annihilate the Zouaves and their camp; and whilst the regulars would be wondering at the *accident* that befell the camp, these elated invaders were to enter the fort, and butcher all there. Then they were to decoy the fleet and seize it. If they could not succeed in decoying the officers of the fleet, they were to hoist the Confederate flag over Pickens, and proclaim to the world their stupendous victory. Such the prisoners, officers and men, assure us was their intention. Fortunately for us, and perhaps for all, the Canadian forgot to inform them of the position of two hospitals which are a couple of miles in our advance.

These rough structures, the enemy, in the darkness of night, mistook for the camp. In accordance with their plans, both columns at this point wheeled inwards from the shores.

Looking for the tents constituting the camp, they cautiously moved forward. But soon each party perceived a body of men ready to dispute their further advance. The idea of burning us in our tents was abandoned ; they concluded that they had been discovered, and must now fight their way. They were, as you have already no doubt guessed, the two columns of Southerners mistaking each other for enemies. There ensued between the friends a terrible conflict, in which Capt. Bradford and many of his brave men lost their lives. It was at this scene of action that I found those many slain strangers mentioned above, and not one of ours. After a fierce hand-to-hand engagement, the Bradford column was defeated, and retreated precipitately towards their boats. The other column, imagining they had routed the Zouaves, advanced boldly to capture Pickens. This battle saved us. It aroused the pickets, who offered a stout resistance to the overpowering enemy. But they finally passed through the lines and reached our camp ; where, owing to our imagining it was all harmless firing of green volunteers, we were, in spite of the loud and continued warning, nearly burnt in our tents. The enemy, thinking that they had defeated the Zouaves, were utterly puzzled at finding a second camp, and at having no news of the Bradford column. This explains their conduct when entering Camp Brown.

On our homeward march, passing the site of the extinct marine camp, we had a very substantial proof of old Col. Brown's thoughtfulness for his hungry and jaded soldiers. For here we met a number of carts with an abundant supply of plain provisions, sent out to us from the fort, by the considerate commander of the department. All of us, officers and men, captors and captured, sat down on the white sand of Santa Rosa, now for the first time stained with human blood, to a pleasant and most welcome repast. Having finished, I might say on the field of battle, our coarse, frugal, soldier's meal, Captain Robinson confided the command of troops and prisoners to Captain Seeley and Lieut. Hildt, and the care of the wounded to the surgeons and their assistants, and invited me to accompany him towards the centre of the island.

Late in the afternoon, tired, weary and sad, all were back from the exhausting chase after the enemy, at what was yesterday our pleasant camp, but which is now a pile of smoking ruins. The quartermaster of the fort had ready for us an abundance of warm coffee, cold meat, and bread, to which we did ample justice. How we expatiated on the value of a warm cup of coffee without milk, after the hardships of the preceding day and night! But my work was not yet

done. I must now make a hasty visit to my poor wounded, collected into four hospitals, hurriedly improvised, in different parts of the island. I had seen all, as far as could be ascertained, during the day; but some might have escaped me, or those that I had seen might require a second visit; at all events, fatigued as I was, I made the tour of the hospitals, to say a word to the wounded, friends and foes, for there was no distinction made by the authorities. It was dark when I returned from my extended trip. On my arrival at the site of the camp, I was informed that the dead were gathered for interment, and that my presence was required at the long and deep trench prepared for their reception. Alongside another trench were collected the enemy's dead, to be buried without honors. The names and addresses of the slain were ascertained as correctly as possible and inscribed in the "report."

About 10 P. M., the "firing party," or escort, the drum-corps with muffled drums and doleful fifes borrowed from the fort, for our band and drum-corps had lost all their instruments in the conflagration, were drawn up in line waiting for the order to start. In a few moments the escort was greatly increased by the number of soldiers who volunteered to honor the remains of their fallen comrades, and the command to march was given. In obedience to the subdued beat of the drums, and the sorrowful notes of the fifes, we stepped out in the direction of the spot selected as the final resting place of our late companions in arms. What strange feelings must have sprung up in the hearts of all, as we marched silently over the white creaking sand towards the large pit in which we were about to bury our dead. We had had our first battle. It was a momentous day, and might have been more disastrous for us. Not a word was spoken, not a whisper uttered, except the brief words of command given in subdued tones by the officer in charge of the "firing party."

Arrived at the trench, we beheld a most melancholy sight; the night was clear and calm; the gulf, along whose shore our long grave was dug, was unusually still. Our dead, carried from various points of the island, lay side by side along the edge of the ditch. They were covered with blood; their uniform was torn; the eyes of several were open; the arms of many were extended at right angles from the bodies; all, of course, were cold and stiff. No coffins were to receive the bruised remains; no affectionate wife, or tender mother, or loving sister was there to prepare the bodies for the grave. According to military usage, soldiers are consigned to the earth just as they are found on the field of

battle, with or without hat, or coat, or boots, as they chanced to be. Thus too were our men, some without hats, some without coats, thrown off no doubt in the dreadful hand-to-hand conflict, in order to have more freedom of action. The poor fellows were laid in the trench side by side as gently as soldiers' hands could do it, and the white sand was softly shovelled over them. It was easy for me to find ideas for my funeral oration; my heart was full. When we had confided our brave soldiers to the white bosom of Santa Rosa, at the extreme limit to which the tide of the gulf reaches, and when the salute had been fired over the humble grave, whose location, no doubt, will ere long be forgotten, the drum-corps struck up a lively air, and we marched back to what had been our once happy camp, reaching it about midnight. What a day we had passed! Now we have no tents, no provisions, not even a blanket to throw around us. We lay down on the sand, which is always warm, nothing over us but the high heavens; and, trusting to our guard and picket, we slept soundly till *reveille*, when we found ourselves refreshed.

Thursday the 10th of October, feast of St. Francis Borgia, found us all low spirited. Many dead, still more wounded, no camp, and, above all, no possibility of offering the holy sacrifice on this great feast of the Society! But Colonel Brown had not forgotten us. For whilst we were silently contemplating the ruins of chapel and camp, there appeared, issuing from the fort, a long convoy of wagons, laden with tents, ammunition, provisions, clothing, everything required to place us on the footing we occupied before the attack. "All here again except the chapel," said the soldiers.

As soon as we had taken a little breakfast, I started on a tour amongst the wounded. Taking my breviary, the only article I saved, the only book now in camp, I went to the fort to see those brought to that hospital, and the prisoners confined there. I found them, according to the surgeons' judgment, doing well. I heard their confessions and gave them an account of last night's burial. The prisoners I found sullen, and incensed against their officers, whom they openly accused of incompetency, and of having caused the expedition to fail. They requested me to take charge of a petition to the commander of the department.

Having got through with my visit, which was rather extended because I had abundance of time, I directed my steps towards another hospital far up the island. Saying my office as I moved over the sand, I walked leisurely, and

reached this refuge late in the forenoon. Here I met with a large number of disabled soldiers, mostly belonging to the enemy. They were in good humor, carefully attended, and stretched on cots dressed with neat hospital sheets. Apparently suffering great pain of mind and body was the young lieutenant whom I had discovered on the morning of the fight lying on the wet sand of the beach whence the tide had receded. Passing his bed, I heard him ask the attendant: "Who is that, doctor? What is his name?" "That is the priest," said the attendant. "The priest!" he exclaimed. "Tell him I should like to say a word to him." Stepping back to him, I remarked: "I think we have met before." "Not that I am aware of," he answered. "O yes;" said I, "on the beach, when you asked for a drink of water." "It was you who hailed the ambulance?" "The same." "I did not know then what I was saying," said he, "but I want to see you now and talk with you. I am Lieutenant S—, a deserter from the U. S. Marines. I am not only a deserter, but a rebel, caught with arms in my hands against my government. I have been notified this morning that I am recognized. Of course I shall be shot or hanged. I left my ship at the commencement of hostilities and joined the Confederacy. I am a deserter." He then asked me whether I thought his life was in danger from his wounds, adding that if there was no hope of saving his life he would wish to become a Catholic. "But," I enquired, "what if there is hope?" "Well, in that case," said he, "I would postpone that important step. It is a hard thing to live a Catholic. I should like a Protestant life and a Catholic death." The surgeon, whom I consulted about his case, told me he thought he could save him, and I informed him of the surgeon's opinion. This enabled him to make up his mind "to live a Protestant." Will he die a Catholic? He begged of me to see the commander of the department, and try to obtain for him from the big-hearted colonel the favor of being paroled. "For," said he, "my mother's heart would break if she heard that I was wounded and deprived of her care." He then buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. He said that he was a volunteer in this expedition; that without bidding good-bye to his mother, he came from Montgomery, Alabama, to take part in the attack and capture of Fort Pickens; that his mother did not know where he was; that as soon as he should return to Montgomery, he would certainly prepare himself to enter the Catholic Church. Leaving this "whimpering soldier" (as his fellow prisoners called him) I visited each of the sufferers, heard the confessions of the Catholics, and gave extreme unction to those danger-

ously wounded. Of course there was no possibility of administering the holy Viaticum.

Having visited all the hospitals, and seen and spoken to all the inmates, I returned to the camp, now rigged out in all its former splendor. The site, however, is changed, and Colonel Brown has issued a standing order that camps hereafter must change sites every third week. This is chiefly a sanitary measure, and, as the colonel says, "to prevent soldiers from having an accumulation of traps."

I found at the fort quite an excitement. Out in the bay were dozens of row-boats, each bearing a flag of truce, enquiring after missing friends. Were they prisoners? were they wounded? were they dead? Captain Bradford's friends —his sisters I think—were inconsolable at the loss of their dashing brother. They asked for the sword, pistols, and other objects belonging to him. Colonel Brown said the spoils of war belong to the victors, and since Bradford fell beneath the blows of his friends, he saw no reason why his friends should not have the spoils. Trinkets, keepsakes, etc., belonging to the dead, he decided should be handed over to friends applying for them; but he positively refused to allow that the bodies of those invading the island with hostile intent, should receive any other than the graves of enemies. For several days succeeding the attack, applications of this nature continued to arrive under flags of truce. Not one was allowed to land; the answers were given to them in their boats. Finally, friends of the owner of the dog Manassas came, under flag of truce, to ask to have the great messenger restored to the family. Colonel Brown seemed inclined to yield to their request, but the soldiers would not allow it. After some discussion, it was agreed that the dog himself should decide the case. The boat was hauled nearer the shore, and Manassas was led by the soldiers to the water's edge. At a given signal, the men in the boat called the familiar name, and the soldiers moved off enticing their favorite to follow. The noble brute would like to accommodate both parties, he would unite North and South; he barked, he howled, standing midway between both. Finally, making a bound towards the soldiers, he declared for the Union. Cheer after cheer went up for Manassas, who was the honored guest for that day.

Calling on Colonel Brown at a moment convenient for him, I informed him of the message entrusted to me by Lieutenant S—, and exposed the whole case to the venerable commander. "Are you aware, Chaplain, that this man is a deserter?" "I understand he is;" I answered, "but, Colonel, the poor fellow is weeping bitterly for his mother." "Weep-

ing for his mother!" exclaimed the colonel, "Let him go by all means, even without parole. An officer of the Southern army, a deserter from the U. S. Marines, and crying for his mamma! Let him go!" Calling me into his office, the colonel said to me: "Sit down there, write out these details, have him sign the paper, and I shall let him go right away." "But Colonel," I remarked, "perhaps he would like to write the statement himself." "Very good," said he, "if he is willing; but you write your statement to me, show it to him, and let him sign it or copy it." Going to the distant hospital, I informed the wounded lieutenant of the condition laid down by the colonel. Looking at my paper he said, "I will copy it and add things you have omitted. I know the old colonel wants to shame Bragg; but it is all true. I will write out my request."

On my way back to Pickens, I met Colonel Brown, who was anxious to know the result. Having read the document, he said: "Capital! It is even stronger than you put it. I have made all arrangements to have him sent to Pensacola to-morrow." The following afternoon, he was gently placed in a boat, accompanied by a surgeon, under a flag of truce, and rowed over to the navy-yard, where his friends took charge of him. Starting off from Santa Rosa, he promised me to send for a priest as soon as he reached his home in Montgomery, and follow his advice.

In a day or two, an exchange of names of prisoners took place. The list returned to us showed that the only prisoners taken by the enemy, besides Major Israel Vogdes of the regular army, were the four or five carried off by main force in the little engagement at the ruins of the Spanish fort, and a few servants who, like Major Vogdes, were suspected of treachery. The list we sent them was long, and was remarkable for the following words appended to the names of many: "Prefers to remain in our hands rather than be exchanged."

October 13, Sunday. What a sad Sunday for us! The men feel extremely lonesome without Mass. Officers and men of the fleet came ashore to-day to comply with the obligation of being present at the holy sacrifice, but were more than disappointed at hearing that the sacred vessels and vestments were included in the destruction of the camp. We cannot, of course, celebrate the holy mysteries till you send us a new set of articles—a complete *chapelle*. I wrote to Father Durthaller the day following the attack, to request him to send immediately everything requisite for saying Mass. I fear, however, it will be a long time before he can find an opportunity, as communication between this island

and the North is rather rare. Ships come and go, but they have no messages for us. We were at one time exactly forty-nine days without having the slightest news from the North, except that brought by deserters or refugees. "No news from the North!" was the ordinary greeting amongst us.

My letter of obedience, my *Instructiones*, and a letter kindly given me by Archbishop Hughes, were destroyed in the fire. The fact is we have nothing, not even a comb, and no means of procuring anything. We expect a sutler who, at two hundred per cent profit, will furnish us all we want. Amongst those who have applied to me for instruction is a Jew. I have plenty of time to devote to him, but I have no book, no catechism. The little prayer-books, crucifixes, medals, catechisms, scapulars and *Agnus Deis*, sent me by charitable friends in New York, have all been lost. Please send me more of them; they are in great demand.

When the smoke of battle had been wafted away, when the signs of havoc had disappeared, when things had settled down to their usual level, our regiment, wishing to indemnify me for my losses, made me a present of a handsome sum to buy a charger. Neither love nor money can, however, procure me a horse on Santa Rosa. The commanding officer of the department cannot possibly spare any of those he now has. They are all needed for picket and scouting, and for a light battery he is just forming. The Zouaves say we shall not be always upon the island, and when we move off to the mainland, I can buy a horse. The reason they assign for their generous offering, in the paper accompanying the present, is this: "We do not, we cannot suffer the father who is to save our souls when our bodies are lost; who is to open eternity to us when time is closing upon us; who is to heal every wound of the soul when the body is pierced with bullets and torn with swords and bayonets; who is to elevate the soul to the throne of glory, when the body is trampled under horses' hoofs, bruised, and ground with cannon wheels; who is to cleanse and purify the soul when the body is covered with clotted gore, black with dust and powder;—such a friend we do not, we cannot suffer to be without the means of hurrying from one place to another, with, if possible, the lightning's speed, to bring to each of us the assistance we poor soldiers wish to have, at least on the field of battle." This, as you see, is all general. What is personal in the paper is very brief. They offer me their sympathy for my losses, especially for the *chapelle;* compliment me for my bravery, and thank me for the prompt assistance I brought to their fallen companions.

Had I not put a stop to it, the present would have reached thousands; for it was agreed amongst the soldiers, that every pay-day a stated sum should be handed to me. This, of course, I could not allow; I have my own salary. Are they not good fellows? How little they deserve the bad name malicious calumniators seem to have given them in New York.

Since the attack of the 9th, officers and men have been so constantly kept guarding and watching and toiling, that it may be said we are literally worn out. The number of men is too small to furnish "reliefs" for the now multiplied and extended posts. The same men are always on duty, two hours off and two hours on. Seven different but unsuccessful attempts have been made to surprise us again. These annoyances have been repeated so frequently, that the authorities have come to the conclusion not to be satisfied with simply repelling the invaders. Plans are now matured, with the aid of the fleet, to utterly annihilate those who again land on the island. In the meantime, the order is to "sleep on our arms every night" (which means to remain wide awake). During the day, we can take little snatches of sleep, as much as the noise and bustle of camp will allow.

This state of affairs is rather trying; still the health and spirits of all, thank God, are very good. The heat of the sun is intense even now; there seems to be no diminution. The force of its rays is unbroken by tree or cloud; and the sand and water all around us rather multiply this terrible heat by the laws of reflection. At night, just now, there comes from the Florida swamps a cold moisture-bearing breeze. A heavy fever-breeding fog and dew settle on our island, giving our clothes, face and head, in the morning, the appearance of having combated a battery of rain all night. I pity the chaplains, officers, and soldiers, who are reduced to such straits as we are. No missionary has ever been so isolated as I have been for the last six months. Our fare is coarse, very coarse, but abundant and healthy—the same for all, officers and men; and at present there is no prospect of a different arrangement. Still, nobody finds fault. All, especially the humble and obedient soldiers, bear their privations without a murmur, some with real edification, saying all this was sent us by Providence to help us to atone for our sins. Others heartily laugh at the situation, remarking that if certain New York politicians were here, they would try to settle the war in a very short time. One said: "If I knew all this, I should never have become a soldier." "Where is your patriotism?" all exclaimed, "We must learn to suffer. Let us suffer like Christian soldiers. We have

the father with us." No rest! *Maringouins*, snakes, alligators! The enemy keep us ever on the alert. Though all are kind and considerate to me, yet I am alone in the throng. It is now going on seven months since I was at confession. This is certainly a privation. I hope a priest will be found among the re-enforcements expected here. I could, I think, go to Key West, about five hundred miles distant, where a priest is said to reside, but there is such a prospect of an attack, and consequently of loss of life, that I dare not absent myself a single day.

Frederick Goggins, our bold drummer-boy, sends his sincere regards to you and Father Legouais. He amuses me a great deal, by his regrets for college life. "If a boy does not like college, let him become a soldier, and he will see the happiness of a life he does not know how to appreciate," he remarked to me this morning. When we have anything severe on poor human nature to do or endure, for instance, to pass a dark foggy night in the trenches, he whispers to me: "How would the Fordham boys like this?" Fred is a good boy and serves my Mass in turns with others, or at least did serve it, and I hope will again, when you will have sent a new *chapelle* to the "army and fleet of the gulf," and to .

Your distant but affectionate son in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

SKETCH OF NEW YORK AND CANADA MISSION.[1]

(CORRIGENDA.)

REVEREND FATHER,

Sincere thanks for November number of the LETTERS and accompanying INDEX. I mailed yesterday to your address, my seventh communication from the war—the attack of the enemy on Santa Rosa, and their repulse. The next will be the fierce bombardment of Fort Pickens.

I would respectfully take the liberty of calling attention to a little inaccuracy which I recently noticed in an early number of the LETTERS. On page 136, No. 2, Vol. III., speaking of the Protestant church which Father Larkin purchased in New York City, the writer says that the church was "situated on Walker street near Elizabeth;" and on the

[1] See Vol. III. n. 2, pp. 136, 137.

following page he says that Father Larkin "next rented a house on Elizabeth street, the garden of which adjoined the square in front of the church door." These statements are incorrect.

I. The church purchased by Fr. Larkin, and dedicated to the Holy Name of Jesus, was situated *not* on *Walker* but on *Elizabeth* street, about one hundred feet north of the north-east corner of Elizabeth and Walker streets; i. e., at the north end of the corner lot which fronted on Walker street. Since then Walker street has been widened along the north side, and consequently the site of the church is nearer the street, by the number of feet taken from the lots for the widening of the street. The name Walker has been suppressed, and the thoroughfare is now called Canal. Canal street originally ran from the North River only as far as Centre street. From Centre street eastward it used to be called Walker.

II. The house rented by Father Larkin was *not* on *Elizabeth* street but at No. 180 Walker street, about one hundred feet east of the north-east corner of Walker and Elizabeth. There was neither garden to our house nor square in front of the church door. Hence, *the garden did not adjoin the square in front of the church.*

The church was built on the west end of three lots, running originally from Elizabeth street clear through to the Bowery. The rear of the building was on a line with the houses on Elizabeth; the front faced the east, or the Bowery; and, occupying only a small portion of the ground near Elizabeth, had in front quite a lawn stretching down from the door to the Bowery. The trustees, to meet a pressing claim against the church, were obliged to sell the vacant space, or lawn, from the church door to the Bowery. Long before the building came into our possession, stores had been erected on this lawn; thus the square and the entrance on the Bowery side had disappeared. To enter the church after this sale, people had to come around by Elizabeth street, and pass on each side of the edifice, by alleys three feet wide, till they came to the old door on the east end. Our house, 180 Walker street, *not* our *garden*, opened on the alley south of the church, *not* on a *square*.

Though a queer looking building—without an entrance to the uninitiated, and to the frequent visitors offering a narrow, dark, fear-inspiring lane leading up to the door—it was, as people said, "a cosy place to pray." The noise of the street was not heard within its walls. Encouraged in their devotion by the solemn silence pervading the holy house, in the midst of the bustle of a noisy part of the city, not

only women but men, not only Catholics but also Protestants, came there to invoke the mercy of God. Thus the Duprees, the Sweets, the Harrises, the Boerems . . . all Protestants, were often seen kneeling before the altar, of an afternoon, pouring out their troubles before the Lord, and many wonderful conversions took place there. Entering the church for our visit after dinner, we invariably found poor sinners seeking either faith, or reconciliation with God. At times we found whole families, parents and children.

My only excuse for presuming to make these corrections is, that I am the last one now of those who lived and taught in the "Holy Name," and that in a short time I too shall have departed. But few of the old parishioners are alive, I meet some occasionally.

Hoping that my *seventh* has reached you, and is acceptable, I remain,

Yours truly in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MEMOIRS OF FR. GREGORY MENGARINI.

(*Continued.*)

Where these memoirs were interrupted in the last number of the LETTERS, we were speaking of the aged Peter, the Grand Chief of the Flatheads.

Peter had long been ripe for heaven, so ripe, in fact, that he needed but the gentle touch of the Master's hand to detach the shrivelled stem of life, and allow him to be numbered among the chosen fruits of our Lord's redemption. His natural uprightness had made him a chief when he was scarcely out of boyhood; and he was only twelve years old when he accomplished what would have been well done, had it been done by a warrior. He had started on a hunting expedition with many of his tribe, and they were hundreds of miles from home when an unwelcome disease, breaking out among them, destroyed the whole party except himself. Boldly facing the dangers of the wilderness to which the Indian is born, this small boy made the journey in safety and brought to his tribe the sad news of the party's destruction. The ravages of death made a deep impression on his mind, and he resolved to live innocently lest

the Great Spirit should send death to smite him in a similar manner. We are accustomed to resolutions made and broken. It was not so with Peter. He had made a resolution and he kept it; and when in extreme old age, and at the point of death, I questioned him about the faults committed after baptism, he had none to tell me. I then questioned him about the years which had preceded baptism, and though I questioned him closely, not even these, so unblemished had been his life, supplied matter for absolution. "But Peter," said I, "did you never in battle give way to hatred for your enemies?" "No, Father," he replied; "what would my people have said, had they seen me angry? Why, once when I found an enemy stripped by one of my warriors, I took off my own shirt and clothed the dead body in it, and said, 'To show that I bear you no ill-will, I cover you with my own garment.'"

Thus did the Almighty work miracles of his mercy even here in the wilderness. Old as he now was, Peter still performed the duties of great chief, and when we arrived to found the mission, he was absent on a hunting expedition with the tribe. The mission founded, we saw him early each morning making the round of the lodges, and heard him saying something as he passed by each. Curious to know what he said, I enquired of one of the Indians that knew some French. "Ah!" replied the man, "he always says the same things: 'Come, let us arise; let us praise God; let us thank him for all his benefits, and glorify him who has given us another day of life.'" Peter knew, however, that his time was short. One day I saw him mounted on his horse and, accompanied by his wife, son and daughter, approaching our wigwam. He dismounted at our door, and addressing us, said: "I have come to you, Father, to die." We represented to him that his company was indeed welcome, but that, sorry as we were, we could find no place for him; that his own wigwam was larger and more commodious; and that he would find more comfort in it than in ours, which was already overcrowded. Without a murmur of complaint, he caused himself to be helped into the saddle, and retraced his steps to his own home. Next day, an Indian came saying that Peter wished one of the fathers to come and see him. Fr. De Smet sent me, for I already knew some Flathead. I found Peter lying on his buffalo robes. "Father," said he, pointing upwards, "I see the saints in the church" (he spoke of the sacred pictures with which we had adorned the walls of the church), "hovering over me; and I hear them saying to one another, 'When will Peter come with us?' And I hear the voice of one in

their midst, but whom I do not see, saying, 'Not yet! not yet! Bye and bye! Bye and bye!'" I heard his confession (for he had the full use of his faculties), and found his soul beautiful in its childlike innocence, as I have already related. I gave him conditional absolution and went away. On the following morning, I went to see him again, but found him dead. The "bye and bye" had come, the "not yet" had passed, and he was already happy with those who had so anxiously awaited his coming.

Thus died Peter, whose life should call a blush to many a Christian cheek, and who, even when others embraced polygamy, never swerved in his fidelity to his lawful wife. Yet the Flatheads in general had sinned more through ignorance than through malice; for when they learned that it was unlawful to have more than one wife, all, both men and women, immediately subjected themselves to the laws of Christian morality, and never again relapsed into their evil ways. Polygamy was thenceforth a thing of the past.

They showed equal generosity in abandoning 'medicine.' Let no one suppose that medicine among the Indians was, as among ourselves, a lawful product of human skill and science, or that it was a mere deception, and 'medicine men' mere deceivers. It was a means by which the evil one held possession of their souls.[1] Medicine was of two kinds: medicine against disease, and medicine against the accidents and misfortunes of life. These were to be remedied or averted by the intervention of their tutelary *genius*. The method of obtaining medicine was the following:—When an Indian had arrived at the age of manhood, he departed alone to the mountains, and there tasted neither food nor drink for some six or eight days. Dancing and singing are not pleasant occupations for one with an empty stomach, but these constituted a part of the ceremony necessary for obtaining medicine. When all this was over, his *genius* appeared to him under the form of some bird or beast, and taught him how to procure the medicine. Each Indian kept the nature of his medicine a profound secret, used it only for himself and family in sickness, and carried it about his person in battle, to charm away the arrows of his enemies. Medicine against sickness was oftentimes a real natural remedy, and such as a wise physician would have prescribed had he been there. But this apparent good served only as an excuse for the superstitious use of it against the evils and dangers of life.

A few days after our arrival at the mission, Paul, a vener-

[1] See Fr. Prando's letters on the Medicine Lodge and Medicine Men—WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. XII. 39, 322.

able old man, and one of those baptized by Fr. De Smet at Fort Union the preceding year, had gone to look for his horses on the prairies. Suddenly he heard overhead the flapping of wings, and a voice crying out: "Paul! Paul!" Looking up he beheld a crow, and immediately recognized his former *genius*. "What are you doing," said the crow, "idling here while the Blackfeet run away with the Flathead horses?" Paul hastened back to the village to relate what had happened; but he was told to pay no heed to such manifestations. Some hours passed, and a messenger was seen hastening towards the village. He brought the news that the Blackfeet had made a raid, some twenty miles away, and had driven off the horses of the Flatheads. "Do you not see" said Fr. De Smet to Paul, "how impotent is your former *genius?* He can tell you the evil when it is done, but cannot prevent the Blackfeet from doing it." On another occasion, long after the founding of the mission, and when I was alone, Lawrence, one of my Indians, came pale and emaciated to see me. "What is the matter?" I asked. "For many days," he replied, "I have had no rest, even by night. I hear my *genius* singing constantly in my ears. I make the sign of the cross, I say my beads, he flies away a short distance, but presently returns to recommence his lascivious songs." Hearing these things, I was perplexed. Some remedy must be found; but what remedy? I recalled to mind what our holy Father St. Ignatius had done in a similar case, and told Lawrence that if the *genius* came again, he was to be sent to me. Lawrence went away consoled, but he left me in quite a different state of mind; for, as I had not said, "Tell the *genius* to come to me, *if he has permission*," I was greatly scared lest the demon should take me at my word and pay me a visit. Our Lord, however, took pity on both of us, and while Lawrence was freed from the persecutions of the evil one, I, though pretty well frightened, was never molested.

Our house was already finished, but several of the old men who had seen its commencement, were not destined here upon earth, to see its completion. Peter, Paul, and Simeon, and two others whose names I have forgotten, were already at rest in our little churchyard. Years before, the Divine Sower had cast the seeds of natural virtues in their souls; the seeds had flourished, and had produced fruit a hundred fold, and we had been brought merely to witness and help in the harvesting.

During the early months of our mission, we heard confessions through interpreters. This will not seem strange, when I inform my readers that a kind of confession had

been introduced among the Flatheads long before our arrival. The confession was public. The chief called a general meeting and ordered each in turn to confess before the others whatever evil he had done. The command was given and obeyed with equal simplicity, and each made a full and open confession of his misdeeds. When the confession was over, the self-accuser received a first class scolding, then a few light lashes, and the chief addressed an exhortation to the others to avoid the faults into which such and such a one had fallen.[1] Private confession such as we practise was easy for the Flatheads; and, accustomed as they had become to public manifestations, it took them some time to understand the inviolable secrecy of Catholic confession. Hence they would come to me and ask, "Father, did such a one tell you this in confession?" And they would relate something wrong that some one had done. "Why?" I would ask. "Because" they would rejoin, "we know that he did it, and thought that perhaps he had not confessed it." Sometimes an Indian, after doing wrong, would go to his chief, confess what he had done, and ask to be flogged. The Flatheads were fully persuaded that by this means the fault would be blotted out. So wedded indeed were they to public confession that some preferred to make their confession through an interpreter even when they could make it directly without his aid.

While we were engaged in the building of the house and church, the study of the Indian language, and the instruction of our neophytes, the severity of winter softened into the mildness of spring. The cold, which had played such heartless pranks with us, had indeed gone, but only to be succeeded by other and equally unwelcome visitors, mosquitos and Blackfeet. The latter were the more dangerous, but the former were every bit as hostile. St. Mary's River flowed peacefully behind our missionary buildings, and its banks had been the mosquitos' paradise from time immemorial. Here they were to be found of all sizes and varieties, and at all times, but especially when not wanted. Some great-great-grandfather mosquito must, I think, have established a monastic order among them, for no Carthusian or Cistercian could be more assiduous in choir duty than they were; or he must have given them at least a great love for religious orders, so persistently were they bent on dwelling with us. More than usually troubled one day by their assiduous attentions, I determined to rid myself of them. I therefore darkened my room so that the light was admitted

[1] A kind of confession was used also in Central America. v. Bancroft's "Myths and Languages."

only at one corner of the window. I then filled my room with the smoke of buffalo chips, and awaited the result. Soon, in single file, my tormentors made a rapid retreat towards the light, and left the room. I went outside to see the success of my experiment, and found quite a number of Indians drawn up in two lines and enjoying the rapid exit of the mosquitos. Though annoyed by these little pests, I was never as unfortunate as Br. Joseph. Once, while he was watering the garden, numbers of them set upon him, and stung him so, that for three days he was sick with a fever.

To get rid of the Blackfeet was harder than to get rid of mosquitos, for the Blackfeet were the hereditary foes of the Flatheads. Hence the history of our mission would, if written fully, be an account of Blackfoot inroads and Flathead reprisals. I have already related how, when we were but a few days in the mission, the long-robed Blackfeet came and drove off the horses of some of our Indians who were about twenty miles distant. I have now to record that they came by night to our mission itself and drove off our horses and mules. The frequency of the visits of the Blackfeet will cause no wonder when it is known that, had not a pestilence decimated the tribe a year before our arrival, our mission at St. Mary's would have been impossible. Moreover, the chief virtues of a long-robed Blackfoot were two, namely: to kill men, and steal horses. Of a *long-robed*, I say, because there were *short-robed* Blackfeet, men small in stature, but sinewy, and capable of great endurance, though inclined to peace. The long-robed were bent upon war and pillage. I shall give briefly an account of various visits paid us by these Indians; and I group them together here, because, though I remember the facts, I have forgotten the precise dates.

We had not been long at the mission when, one night, we were startled by the report of a gun. In the morning, tracks of blood were found leading to the forest. A band of warriors started on the trail, and soon returned bringing in triumph a Blackfoot warrior. He had been shot in the leg, and though he dragged himself to the friendly shelter of the woods, he was wounded too badly to allow of escape. I was asked what was to be done with him; so, going to the church, I delivered a sermon on forgiveness of injuries and love of one's enemies. "Let him that has never slain anybody," said I, "cast the first stone at this prisoner." The chiefs were moved to mercy, and granted him pardon; but some of the other Indians took this action so ill that they cried for very rage. We dressed his wounds, lent him a

horse, and allowed him to depart in peace. He was a Goliath in proportions. He recovered from his wound, lived some years afterwards, and was finally killed in battle.

A like pardon was not accorded another Blackfoot on a similar occasion. Two of our warriors, returning from the mountains, came upon their man as he was seated on the ground, his gun at rest, and his back turned towards them. Only when flight was impossible did he become aware of their approach; so, offering them his gun, he gave himself up as a prisoner. They took the weapon, and ordered him by signs to go before them to the village. He obeyed. The Indians again came to me and enquired what was to be done. I could not say, "Kill him," for that was forbidden by my priestly character; I could not say, "Let him go free," for prudence forbade it; as calumniators, wilfully misinterpreting my motives, would identify my action with treason to the Flatheads, and partiality towards the cruelty and lawlessness of their inveterate enemies. I could only refer them to the judges competent in such matters. "You have your chiefs," said I, "consult them." The Grand Chief Victor turned on his heels and left the room. Presently I heard the report of a gun, and the joyous shouts of the Flatheads. I ran to the door and saw the Blackfoot falling to the earth. The grand chief had called no council, and had ordered the execution of the prisoner on the spot. Many believed that I had ordered, or at least countenanced the killing; and, as on the former occasion, they had murmured against my leniency, so now they openly complained of my severity. "He saved the other one," said they, "why did he not save this one also?" In my next instruction, I laid the case before my people, and showed them forcibly that a priest can never command the shedding of blood.

Death, however, was not always the punishment for captured Blackfeet. Once, a short-robed Blackfoot was caught stealing a horse. He was thrashed and then set free. Off he started; but imagine our surprise, when shortly afterwards we saw him returning to the village. We asked him what had brought him back. He answered that, having no horse, he would never be able to reach his own people on foot. He therefore made himself perfectly at home with us until a horse was lent him, and, in company with our Flatheads who were going that way, he reached the borders of his country. There he was let go unmolested, but was warned never to trespass again, lest a worse fate befall him. On another occasion, when I was at work quietly in my room, a gun was discharged a short distance away; then my door was violently thrust open, and a Blackfoot rushed

in and seated himself on my bed. As he entered the apartment, I saw him hastily reload his piece, Indian fashion, by putting a charge of powder into the barrel, then blowing down it to settle the powder, and lastly allowing a ball to fall into it from his mouth. Upon discovery, he had discharged his gun as if he were peaceable, and had then fled to the missionary's house for shelter. He was, however, prepared for the worst, as he showed by reloading his gun. Had the Flatheads known this when they entered, they would have considered it an act of treachery and made short work of him. As it was, they shook hands with him, and, after a little while, passed around the pipe of peace. To light it, I used a match which had by chance fallen to the floor. The Blackfoot did not seem to notice my action; but when, on returning to his tribe, he heard others relating wonders about the Blackgowns, "All that you have seen" said he, "is nothing to what I have seen; when there was no fire for the pipe of peace, I saw the Blackrobe take a splinter from the floor, and rub it on the table, and there was fire."

Sometimes, as the fame of the mission spread, a Blackfoot chief would send word that he was coming on a peaceful visit. Such was the case when a chief came with twenty of his warriors to enjoy our hospitality. All the resources of our cookery were called into requisition to do them honor, and all the resources of their appetites to leave nothing uneaten on the table. For the Indian rule of politeness is just the reverse of our own; to leave any of the food set before one is to show a disrelish for it, and is an insult to the host. I, in my ignorance, had prepared an abundance, just as I would have done for white men; in so much that the chief, on returning home, laughingly complained that the Blackrobe had nearly killed him.

To illustrate how sacred this rule of eating all that is offered is considered among the Indians, I may be allowed to relate what happened among the Okinagans. One Indian had grievously offended another. The one aggrieved dissembled his resentment and invited his enemy to a feast. Such an invitation allows of no refusal. The one invited came, and a large vessel of bear's-grease was put before him. He took three long and appreciative drinks, according to approved custom, and then would have desisted; but his host repeated the one word "Drink." Again he drank, until nature could stand it no longer, and again he would have laid the vessel aside. But the other repeated the command "Drink." The visitor immediately perceived that his life was sought; so, one by one, he took off his ornaments and

garments and laid them at the feet of his host. Almost naked, and with nothing more to give, he received permission to go, and left the wigwam. A refusal to drink would have immediately caused his death.

Thus the Blackfeet, now peaceable, now warlike, were the most constant callers at our mission. But even when they came peaceably, the Flatheads generally kept aloof and would have nothing to do with them. Hence, on the occasion of the feast which I gave, none of my Indians came to offer anything towards it; hence also, on another occasion, when some twenty or thirty Blackfeet came on foot, the Calispels, upon their departure, fired guns in the air to show that, though the missionary might treat them kindly, the people of St. Mary's were not their friends. The Blackfeet, however, kept on their way, neither hastening their steps nor even turning to see who had fired the guns.

The order of time followed at the mission was:—Rising at day-break; prayers; Mass; breakfast; an instruction for for about an hour; work until mid-day. In the afternoon:—catechism from two to half past three; work until sunset; prayers; instruction; canticles; and rest. Three of the canticles I give in Flathead, together with a Latin translation; the music of two of them I myself composed for the Indians; the third I took from the French.

I taught the children catechism by a method commonly followed in Rome. Catholic doctrine is summarized in several hundred questions and answers. Both questions and answers are committed to memory, and a public contest is announced. On the appointed day, all the competitors, none of whom must be over thirteen years of age, arrange themselves in two lines in the church. The first proposes a question to be answered by his opponent, and so all along the line, each in turn answering or proposing a question. Whoever misses, loses his chance for the prizes. A mistake may be made in five ways: first, by failing to answer (this, however, seldom happened); secondly, by giving a question already proposed; thirdly, if such a question were proposed, by failing to say, "It has been already given;" fourthly, by saying "It has been given," if it had not been given; fifthly, by saying, "There are no more questions," if there were more; or by failing to say "There are no more," when all had been given. Only one that has seen such a contest can realize its interest. I have seen the Indian boys as pale as their little bronze faces could become, and perspiring profusely, even in the depth of winter; while all around were gathered the parents and relatives of the

children waiting anxiously to see who would be the victor. This was the case especially in the *grand contest*, when the winner was made a kind of little chief among his playmates. Superiority in the Sunday-afternoon contests was rewarded by a present of arrows.

After catechism, on Sundays and holydays, came sports. The people collected together, and the Indian boys brought their bows and arrows. Standing in their midst I would throw up in the air, sometimes a ball of cotton, sometimes a thin stick; and the boys would shoot at it. To win a prize, the ball or stick had to be pierced in its ascent; but no matter how swiftly I threw, the arrows, guided by unerring hands, flew swifter, and the ball would be seen in mid-air, pierced, as if by magic, by a dozen arrows.

As time went on, I organized a band among the Indians. It was rather a conglomerate affair, but at the same time the wonder and admiration of the non-musicians. We had a clarinet, flute, two accordions, a tambourine, piccolo, cymbals, and a base-drum. We played according to notes; for Indians have excellent eyes and ears; and our band, if weak in numbers, was certainly strong in lungs; for such as had wind instruments spared neither contortions of the face, nor exertions of their organs of respiration to give volume to the music. In the church we had an organ that we brought from St. Louis. The pipes were not upright but were laid flat upon a kind of table. An oil-cloth served to cover them. On a grand feast day, some Nez Percés came to pay us a visit, and in order that they might have a better view of our Catholic ceremonies, we placed them in the choir gallery. In their anxiety to see what was going on, the foremost among them rested their arms on what seemed to be a table, those behind rested their arms on the shoulders of those in front, and the organ pipes were crushed. I knew nothing of the affair, for I was celebrant at the Mass, until, going to play something upon the organ at vespers, I found the damage which had been done unintentionally.

As my knowledge of Flathead increased, I was naturally curious to learn from our Indians the history, traditions and mythology of their tribe. I therefore gathered some of the most respected among them and questioned them upon these matters. One answered my questions, and the others nodded their approval of his answers. Of their past history they knew nothing. Nor is this to be wondered at, since the Indian is a being of the present day, caring nothing for what is past, and leaving the future to take care of itself, provided that he has plenty to eat to-day. Their traditions and mythology were reduced to the following :—

The earth is flat, and surrounded by a big lake. On this earth there lived a woman who, still a virgin, gave birth to a son named *Amotkan* (he that sits on top of the mountains); Amotkan undertook to create man and brute; and having done so, seated himself on the tops of the mountains. These first men were Flatheads. The earth, however, was dark, and people could not see one another. They therefore prayed for somebody that might give them light. Amotkan sent them a crow; but as the crow was black, the people made fun of him, and so in despair he flew away. They next applied to the prairie-wolf, and he rendered the earth bright and shining. He travelled through the air and had a long tail reaching to the earth. But he was too meddlesome, and manifested abroad everybody's business and private affairs; so the Flatheads, being displeased, took hold of his tail and dragged him to the earth. They apologized for their incivility, but urged his fault in justification of the punishment. Then Amotkan's mother, who after having given him birth had retired to the shores of the great water, besought her son that he himself should enlighten the earth. He consented; but before giving light he wished to take to himself a wife. So, coming to the lodges of the Flatheads, he sought a wife; but the Flathead women were afraid to marry him because he was so shining, and they openly rejected his proposals. Amotkan being displeased, left them, and going to a swamp where there were some frogs, asked the frogs for a wife. No sooner had he asked, than one of them, making a spring, fastened on his cheek, and so became his wife. The Indian women became furious when they beheld a frog the wife of Amotkan, and tried to drive her off, until Lady Frog, tired of their persecutions, begged her husband that, as he had come to give light to the world, he would do so. Amotkan, therefore, covered with a shining mantle, rose in the air, and hence it is that during the day he gives so much light, but when the day is over he takes off his mantle and shows himself to mankind with his wife-frog upon his cheek.[1]

While engaged in writing down their story, I asked one of their chiefs what they thought when they saw sun and moon at the same time. A new idea seemed to strike him, for, clapping his hand to his mouth, he could only answer: "We never thought of that." They admitted three creations. The first was destroyed by water; the second by fire; the third, though also wicked, was saved only by the entreaties of Skomeltem, the mother

[1] On religious traditions of Flatheads, Cf. Brinton, Hero Myths; Halle, Book of Rites of the Iroquois; Bancroft, Myths and Languages.

of Amotkan, who promised that the people would do better. They knew of no Redeemer, all their traditions referring to events similar to those recorded in the old testament. Their version of the race of giants that once inhabited our globe, is that they were wicked and were destroyed by the prairie-wolf sent by Amotkan. These giants were called Natliskelikutin (people-killers), and were changed into stones; so that in passing large overhanging rocks, pagan parents were accustomed to bid their children hide their faces lest the Natliskelikutin should see them.[1]

Thus our days passed; Fr. De Smet sometimes with us but oftener away from us, visiting some distant tribe or transacting our business at the forts. He brought from Fort Colville, during the first year of our sojourn among the Indians, seeds of various kinds from which we hoped to reap a plentiful harvest. Our hopes, however, were not realized. Chickens, hogs and cows were also brought, but only the last proved to be a profitable investment. In the autumn of 1842, the mission of the Sacred Heart was founded among the Cœur d'Alênes, eight days' journey south of St. Mary's; and as Fr. Point was appointed to take charge of it, I remained alone. The winter came, and the Indians departed on their winter hunt. I remained at the mission. The time of hunting is a time almost of famine for those that remain behind, and so it was for me. I had scarcely anything to eat, and my stomach grew weaker and weaker, day by day, until my head began to swim. I was so emaciated that an Iroquois who had been absent for about six months asked me on his return where the young father was who had been at the mission. I was so changed that he did not recognize me. I was almost at death's door when an old Indian woman came to me bringing with her some boiled roots. "Eat," said she. But I felt no inclination to eat, and would have refused; my stomach revolted at the idea of taking such food. The woman, however, was not prepared to take a refusal. "Eat," she repeated; and I had to obey. The roots were bitter, but I had to eat them.[2] My vomiting, dizziness and lightness of head ceased, and soon I was well again.

I felt a craving for wine; but wine was a precious article, as you may well imagine from the fact that at Mass I had to limit myself to a thimbleful, and go without ablutions altogether. More than a thimbleful I could not afford, for

[1] The observance of hiding the faces of children for fear of giants was practised in Mexico, at the lighting of the sacred fire.

[2] These roots were used a great deal by the Indians for food, and from their bitter taste was derived the name of Bitterroot Valley, where St. Mary's Mission was established.

the allowance of wine for a year was one gallon. However, so urgent was my need that, trusting in Providence, I divided what wine I had into two portions. One I kept for the celebration of Mass, the other I used as medicine.

In the autumn of 1843, I received a letter from Fr. De Vos ordering me to come and meet him. He had travelled by land from St. Louis and was many days' journey from the mission. I immediately prepared to obey, and calling several of the Indians, I told them what I intended to do. They were prepared for the road more quickly than I, and set out ahead. As soon as I was ready, I mounted my mule to follow them; but I started a little sooner than I had intended; for my feet were scarcely in the stirrups, when away sped my mule to join the others, and finding that I could not keep my balance, I thought better to vacate my seat willingly than otherwise. I therefore tried to let myself down quietly from his back, and freeing myself from the stirrups, I jumped. My foot turned under me and I fell; the double barrelled shot gun which I had in my hand turned also, both barrels pointing at my breast. The mule, freed from his load, increased his speed and soon joined the advance party. The Indians, seeing my mule riderless, feared some mishap, and retracing their steps found me with a sprained ankle. They would have induced me to return to the village, but as I did not consider that the accident warranted a non-compliance with an order of obedience, I insisted on going ahead. For two days and two nights it rained continuously, and though wet through and through, we dared not light a fire, for we were in the country of the Blackfeet.

On the second day of our journey, I saw in the distance what seemed to be a man. The Indians immediately started towards the object and having surrounded it gradually forced it nearer. I then saw that it was a bear. Suddenly one of them fired and the bear fell. The Indian then, slowly approaching, threw his buffalo robe towards the prostrate animal. The bear still showed no signs of life. The Indian was not yet satisfied, but pricking the motionless body with a knife, and receiving not even a growl in answer, he was sure that his bullet had done its work.

Some days before this, we had discovered one of the sources of the Missouri. It was on the top of a high hill. The soil was very moist and a large stream of water was issuing from the ground. On the other side of the hill, but a few rods away, so near in fact that with a ploughshare I could unite the two, was one of the sources of the Columbia.

On the seventh day, one of the Indians, who had ridden

ahead, came back in haste to tell us that there was a camp of Blackfeet near at hand. Ignace put on his American cap and coat, and taking the lead, rode off with the others to reconnoitre. François alone remained and uncovering his head asked for absolution. This I gave him from the bottom of my heart, for well I knew that, if we fell in with Blackfeet, little mercy would be shown us. Soon, however, an Indian returned and reported that the camp was a camp of white men. We therefore started for the place and found a Frenchman named Gervais with his family. They had been startled as much by the appearance of our Indians, as we had been at the sight of their camp; each party mutually took the other for Blackfeet and none of us were sorry for the mistake. We parted with the best of wishes, and next day I met Fr. De Vos, who, with Fr. Hoecken and several novice-brothers, was coming to the mountains. I remained with them a few days, and then reminding Fr. De Vos that I had left the mission without a priest, I asked his permission to hasten back. This he readily granted, and I returned with all speed to make what little preparation I could for his reception. He travelled leisurely, and upon his arrival several days later, the whole village turned out to give him a welcome. A great traveller, though already advanced in years, and in poor health, he was no sooner over the fatigues of this long journey, than, in company with two Indians, two Canadians, a brother and myself, he started for the Calispels.

Before starting we took a light breakfast of bread and coffee, and as Fr. De Vos was a jovial character, the time passed very pleasantly. We were still, however, quite a distance from our halting place, when one of the Canadians said: "The brother knows the place; so while you ride along quietly let us go ahead and prepare the meal." As the brother assured us that he knew the place, we allowed the others to depart and rode on as contentedly as before. Soon, however, the trail separated into two, along one of which the brother boldly started, and we followed. Soon misgivings arose in my mind, for there were no mule tracks to be seen, nor was there a river on our left hand as we had been led to expect. I urged my doubts but the brother had an answer for all of them. The day was now well advanced, and as evening set in, and we saw no signs of our companions, we became more anxious and travelled faster. But the faster and further we went, the further we seemed doomed to go, until, when it was already night, we found ourselves in a small prairie from which there seemed to be no issue. Then, and then only, the brother

confessed that he had mistaken the road. We fired off guns, but received no answer. Fortunate indeed for us was it that we did not; for our Indians were miles and miles away, and the road which we had taken led straight to the Blackfoot country. Hence the first to answer our call would have been a band of these Indians; and far better no answer than an answer in person from them.

There we had to remain for the night, with nothing to eat and nothing to cover us. We were very hungry, for we had eaten nothing since morning and had been the whole day in the saddle. But we took the matter lightly, since there was no use in crying over what was beyond remedy for the moment. Fr. De Vos was in the best of humor and never more disposed to laugh and joke. And when I began to shout: "O Brown," (the name of one of our Canadians) "here is a knife and a spoon but nothing to eat!" he would chime in: "O Brown, here is a knife and nothing to cut!" Thus we passed the evening, until, overcome by the fatigues of the day, weariness strove to close our eyes in sleep. Fruitless effort! A short time passed and it began to rain; and though the rain did not last long, it rendered us sufficiently uncomfortable to prevent sleep.[1]

Morning came at last, and with it came increased hunger. We held a consultion, and determined to retrace our steps to where the trail branched. Meanwhile, at the camping place, all had been anxious for our welfare and safety. The victuals had been cooked and recooked and cooked over again, and yet we did not put in an appearance. Night came on and we were not to be seen. They dispatched an Indian to look for us and hurry us up. They gave him about a pound of bread for himself, never imagining that we had lost the trail and were miles and miles away. Fortunately for us, he was too intent on searching for us to think of his provisions. He hastened back along the trail to where we had turned aside, found our tracks and followed them all night, until, just as we were about starting in the morning, we saw him galloping towards us. He was overjoyed at finding us safe, and, while generously sharing his loaf of bread with us, told us that the road which we had taken led straight to the mountains of the Blackfeet.

It was now suggested to take the shortest road to the camping place; so placing ourselves under the Indian's guidance, we managed by running and galloping whenever it was possible, by taking short cuts through the brushwood, and leaving bits of our clothing and of ourselves hanging

[1] Sometimes, when the fathers found themselves in such a predicament as this, they spent the time in proposing and solving cases of conscience.

on the bushes, to reach the camp in the afternoon. We were too weak to take food, and could only throw ourselves on the ground and sleep from exhaustion. I wondered how good Fr. De Vos, old and sickly as he was, could bear up under such hardships. We awoke refreshed next morning, but with a ravenous appetite; and after having taken some food resumed our journey.

In such journeys and dangers passed the year 1843. Shall I say it was a sad year also? No; for the future was then hidden from my eyes. But could I have foreseen the future, 1843 would have been for me then, as it has been since, one of the saddest years of my life; for in it were sown the first seeds of the destruction of the Flathead mission.

I was at the mission of the Cœur d'Alênes in 1844, waiting for the superior, in order that we might hold our annual consultation, when Mr. Langlois appeared, with two of the boys of his college, asking for some fathers and brothers to help him in his labors. We were unable to grant his request; for many of the missions were as yet without a priest, and, of course, they had to be supplied first. While we were discussing the matter, a letter from Fr. Accolti reached me. In it, after giving me an account of the wearisome voyage of himself and his party around Cape Horn, he ordered me to come to Willamette, nine hundred miles distant. As I could best be spared from my mission, owing to the fact that my Indians were absent on their winter hunt, while the other fathers were busy in their respective missions and could not go, I readily went. Mr. Langlois and the boys accompanied me.

On the journey I stopped at one of the Protestant missions and found the minister about to abandon it, for he said that while the Indians were in their present disposition nothing could be done for them. He treated me with great kindness and hospitality; and showed me a boy with the marks of a rope on his wrists, ankles and neck. The poor little fellow had been bought from one of the Indian tribes who held him as a slave, and who were about to kill him, that his spirit might accompany and attend upon that of a child who had died while under his care. The boy was greatly frightened when he saw me, and imagined that he was to be sold to the Blackgown and subjected to some fearful fate. I caressed him, however, and quieted him, assuring him by signs that my feelings towards him were those of a sincere friend.

After eleven days' travelling, we arrived at Vancouver. Here we saw the danger in which the fort was from a fire

which had been raging for weeks and which is called "mountain fire." Large pine trees were burning and falling, and their hissing, as they were consumed, was not unlike that of sky-rockets. The governor, Mr. McLoughlin, was absent, and I had to wait until his return. Meanwhile, the fire, in spite of all efforts, approached nearer and nearer the fort. No one slept, owing to the noise of the fire and anxiety at its progress. There was no wind, and the smoke was stifling.

One afternoon the cry was raised, "Fire in the fort." Terror seized upon everybody, for the powder magazine was in the middle of the fort, and, though itself of brick, all the other buildings were of wood. An old Canadian ran up to Fr. Nobile and myself and shouted: "To the water, to the water!" We needed no second invitation, but hurrying to the river-bank found several boats filled with people and ready to cross the river. Fr. Nobile and I got into an empty boat. He seized one oar and I the other. Away we pulled for dear life, but as in our confusion we had turned our backs to each other, each was pulling a different way, so the boat took a middle course and spun around in a circle. We did not know at the time who had started the alarm of fire, but we found out next morning, when a stout Kanacka appeared, chained hand and foot. It was he that raised the disturbance and seized the opportunity to steal a gold watch from one of the clerks of the Hudson Bay Company. A council of war was held, and the culprit was condemned to be flogged. Had the governor, an impulsive though kind-hearted man, been there, a worse fate might have befallen him. The Hudson Bay Company had the power of condemning to death; but in case of condemnation the criminal had to be sent to England to receive a regular trial. Still, when people are smarting under an injury, summary vengeance is often the rule. The Kanacka was tied to a cannon and a stout workman began to flog him. At the tenth stroke he fainted, and as he showed scarcely any signs of life, the whipping was stopped.

When Mr. McLoughlin arrived at Vancouver, he accompanied me to where Fr. De Smet was, some six miles from Champoeg. We found the father suffering from an attack of dysentery, and, though time was passing away so quickly, he kept me much longer than I expected. As soon as he had partially recovered, Fr. Accolti was taken sick, so I hastened to Oregon City, where I found the latter, now Superior of the Missions, confined to his bed. In eight days, however, he was able to rise again, and I prepared to return to my mission. But a letter from Fr. De Smet, bidding me

await his arrival, caused me to delay a little longer; and in his company I left Oregon City and again started for Vancouver. Here we found the clerks busy in packing up the things needed by the mission; and when everything was ready and nicely packed on board a barge, we turned our faces homeward, attended by six Kanackas whose services we had engaged.

From Walla Walla we had to travel by land, and Fr. De Smet, in a hurry to reach the missions, started off and left me in charge of the baggage. It took several days to pack the mules and get everything in readiness, and just when we thought ourselves successful, disappointment blasted all our hopes. For the gates of Walla Walla were very narrow and the mules heavily laden. In passing through, the packages were loosened, and the mules, starting on a run, scattered the articles in all directions. The Walla Walla Indians began to shout and yell at the animals which only served to render the scattering more complete. The indignation of the captain and my discomfiture were beyond description. The season was too far advanced to admit of delay; we had a journey of eight hundred miles still before us; the afternoon was already far advanced; so, after a hasty consultation, we decided to leave most of the packages at Walla Walla and hurry on with a few horses to the Calispels, hoping that Fr. Hoecken would be able to look after the goods. Again we were doomed to disappointment. We found Fr. Hoecken ready to start with all his Indians for the salmon fishery; moreover, he had no house for storing articles and so we had to be contented with affairs as they were.

It was the 14th of November when we again began our march, and on the 19th a tremendous snow storm overtook us. We were on the summit of a mountain, and exposed to a piercing north wind. Our animals had eaten nothing since morning, and we found large icicles hanging from their sides. The people who were with us urged us to hasten our steps, but, before we had gone much further, most of the horses and mules dropped down dead. We now saw that our safety depended indeed on our haste. Those that still had horses galloped down hill; those that had none made what speed they could on foot. After a toilsome journey of several hours, we heard a noise of people shouting and cheering us on; and soon we beheld a band of white men who had come to our assistance. One of our Indians leaving our camp unnoticed, had gone to the fort of the Hudson Bay Company and made known our distress. The men brought with them twenty fresh horses, and in a few days

we arrived safely at the mission. The Hudson Bay Company, in this as in all its other dealings with us, acted with a spirit of real generosity, gratuitously offering us a helping hand in our misfortunes.

We reached home at night, and going at once to the chapel, we returned sincere thanks to God for our safe return. Nor was our return the only thing requiring grateful acknowledgment; for we found that in our absence Frs. Joset and Zerbinati had arrived; Fr. Zerbinati to be my assistant, Fr. Joset for the Cœur d'Alênes.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER FRANCIS XAVIER WENINGER,

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that very few men in the Church, at least in this country, have been, during the last thirty or forty years, so prominently before the Society and the world as the late Fr. Francis Xavier Weninger. Moreover, among the illustrious missionaries of the restored Society, it is equally doubtful whether any have been garnering the harvest for a longer period, or have scored equal successes with him, among civilized peoples. For Fr. Weninger entered the vineyard while yet little more than a youth; and it was only after the clearest warnings of his approaching end, that the ardent zeal which animated him was changed into an edifying readiness to surrender to his Master the important stewardship with which he had been entrusted. His life was a long one, full of excellent works and remarkable traits, of which anything more than a faint outline would be beyond our present purpose.

It would be interesting to trace Fr. Weninger's family history, and those religious and individual traits which so emphasized his zeal and marked his personality, did we but possess reliable data on that point. The presumption is, that he inherited much from the religious character of his people, especially of his parents, which enabled him, through the distracting vicissitudes of his American missions, to keep the lamp of his simple, childlike faith and the flame of his charity ever burning brilliantly. Fr. Weninger is himself the most trustworthy, and at the same time the most copious source of information upon this point, and his

testimony, for obvious reasons, is not at all extensive or satisfactory. Of his father he tells us very little more than that he was "*ein echt christlicher Hausvater.*" Barbara Weninger, his mother, was a lady of rank from Mandelstein; a fact which leads us to conjecture that, through his maternal connections at least, Fr. Weninger was probably descended from the old Catholic nobility of Austria. But again, of his mother, as of his father, he seems to say as little as possible. That she was a woman of exceptional piety is the sum of his reference to her many virtues. Yet, scanty as it is, even this allusion proves to us, what we had already conjectured, that the well grounded Catholicity which was, as it were, a predominant passion in Fr. Weninger, was, in no small measure, due to the faith and piety of his parents. We venture upon this statement from our own conviction of the source of that early spirit of devotion and zeal which we observe in their son.

Much of young Weninger's youth was passed in Vienna. The family residence, however, was not in that city. The family originally resided in Marburg, and, later on, removed to Gratz in Styria, and it was at Marburg that Francis Xavier Weninger was born on the eve of the feast of All Saints, 1805.

Of his school-days, his brother, Fr. Alexander Weninger, writes as follows: "Xavier was sent to the *gymnasium* of Marburg. He showed a very great desire to become a soldier, but was opposed by his father. For this reason, young Xavier was withdrawn from the *gymnasium* and sent to a friend of his father's who was the owner of a drug-store at Laybach. Under this man's training, Xavier was to learn the business of a druggist. Before he left home, his pious mother took him on a pilgrimage to a famous shrine of our Lady. There she recommended her son to the powerful protection of the Mother of God and made the offering of a chalice from the former chapel of the castle of Wildhaus (the Weninger home) praying the ever Blessed Virgin that she might give the priest for the chalice. The priest was to be her own child, young Xavier. Xavier began his apprenticeship in the drug-store, but his thirst for knowledge was so great, that he bethought himself of ways and means to continue his interrupted studies. By the advice and consent of his guardian, the druggist, he took up the classics in leisure hours and continued his college studies. The director of the *gymnasium* allowed him to study privately, but required that his examination should be public. The progress of his studies was so brilliant that the director warmly recommended him to Count Wurmbrand, *major-*

domo of the imperial court. The reason of this recommendation was the following: When the congress of emperors met at Laybach in 1821, the Empress Carolina Augusta, wife of Francis I., commanded her *major-domo* to enquire of the director of the *gymnasium* whether any youth distinguished himself in his studies. In consequence of this recommendation, Count Wurmbrand sent for the youth to learn from him the circumstances of his life and family. When the count heard that the boy's father was opposed to his studies, he asked Xavier whether he thought his father would persist in his opposition if the empress were to undertake the care of his education. The boy answered that he did not think so. This was decisive."[1] "Shortly after this," writes Fr. Weninger himself, "upon the adjournment of the imperial congress at Laybach, Count Wurmbrand, at the wish of the empress, desired me to accompany him to Vienna. The empress was eager to undertake my education and thus assure my father of the esteem in which she held him."

Fr. Weninger's account of his journey to Vienna with the royal party is characteristic, but too lengthy for insertion here. Upon his arrival at the capital, he was entered, under the patronage of the empress, at the Klinkowström Institute. It was here that he completed his classical studies. Upon the close of this preparatory training, he became, under the same imperial patronage, attached to the university of Vienna. He studied philosophy here for the two following years, being then little more than seventeen years old.

Fr. Weninger refers his first vocation to the priesthood to this period of his studies. He was convinced of a call to holy orders, and accordingly after his two years of philosophy, he began the study of dogmatic and moral theology. He received minor orders during his third year of theology, in the church of *Maria Stiegen*,[2] from Monsignor Roman Zängerle, Prince-Bishop of Seckau. "From this time," he used to say, speaking of his ordination, "I always dressed as a clergyman, and never, even when subsequently professor at the university of Gratz, laid aside the clerical gown." He was only twenty years and eleven months old when he completed his course of divinity and entered upon the ampler studies required and pursued by aspirants to the degree of doctor in divinity. Hence it appears that he was dispensed

[1] According to another account, which appears to be from Fr. Xavier Weninger's own hand, his first interview with Count Wurmbrand took place by Xavier's own request, who had been asked by his father to lay certain documents before the empress.

[2] *Maria ad Gradus*, to commemorate the fifteen steps which the Blessed Virgin mounted at the presentation in the temple.

from the canonical age when raised to the priesthood by his future diocesan, the prince-bishop of Gratz. Somewhat later, and after his "doctor's defence," he retired from Vienna to Gratz—a doctor of divinity, and not yet twenty-four years of age. Upon his arrival at Gratz, he was made prefect of studies in the episcopal seminary, and, a year later, became a fellow of the university and professor of dogmatic theology. It was in this city, and while laboring in this capacity, that he was first strongly drawn to the Society and became ultimately attached to it.

Alluding to his entrance into the Society, Fr. Weninger used to say that even from his very earliest youth he felt a definite call to the religious life. How he finally entered the Society is indeed interesting. As far as he is himself our authority, he was not, either then or at any earlier period, living upon particularly intimate relations with Ours. On the contrary, the Benedictines, the Camaldolese, and, in a very special manner, the Franciscans, were the special object of his veneration. He thought at one time, as probably many Franciscans have thought since, that he ought to be a son of St. Francis. God, however, had other designs, as subsequent events have shown.

The instrument which Providence employed to guide Fr. Weninger at this period of his life was his confessor. This man, Fr. Sebastian Job, director and confessor of the empress, appears to have been remarkable in many respects; and this probably induced the ardent young *protégé* of the empress to surrender himself to his direction on his entrance at the Klinkowström Institute. He was wont, he tells us, to rely implicitly on the counsels of this good man; and these frequently served him very materially, at a later day, as practical hints for the direction of souls and the conduct of his extensive missions. It was natural, then, that he should have had recourse to such a director when he felt called to the religious life. This was, as we have intimated, towards the end of his first year of philosophy. He informed Job, as he familiarly refers to him, of his inclination to the life of the contemplative orders. But his confessor did not encourage his desire; and when the young philosopher still insisted that he felt definitely called by the Holy Spirit to devote his life to God in religion, the answer with which his director used to quiet his scruples was, that he was indeed called to the sacred ministry, but that he had no vocation to a religious life.

We are not sure, however, that the reason alleged in support of this conclusion will appear satisfactory to everybody. His reason was, in about so many words, the following:

"Your divinely appointed patroness, Her Majesty the empress, does not wish this; and you must obey her." How trivial soever this reason may have appeared to him, it shaped the young man's conduct for the time being, although his preference for the religious life was not thereby altered.

Some years later, when he met the Jesuits in Gratz, his old leaning towards the life of the counsels returned, and, under the returning impulse of grace, he again consulted his old director. "I am standing" he wrote to him from Gratz at this time, "in an open plain, where all around me is in confusion. Beside me rises a mighty tower, the Society of Jesus. Should you approve of the step, I will place myself within the shelter of this tower and thus put my salvation in security; if you should not approve, I shall remain at my post as a secular priest; but in that event, your letter will one day lie upon my corpse in the coffin." He must have strongly impressed his confessor this time; for the latter answered him without hesitation: "You are now a priest" (he had assured him previously that this was indeed his vocation), "but you never before said anything to me about becoming a Jesuit. If, then, you are convinced that, before God, nothing in the world but his greater honor and your own more certain salvation induces you to take this step, then let it be taken." "This," writes the missionary, "was enough for me, and I immediately notified my ordinary of the step I was about to take. He was very ill at the time, and upon hearing of my resolution, replied: 'I lose you with regret; by this choice you have, as it were, involved yourself in the uncertainty of a mist; but the haze will gradually disappear and you will behold round about you the broad expanse of a glorious land.' A veritable prophecy; when I consider the vast field to which obedience, later on, assigned me, in the mission of the United States."

Some light will be thrown on this period by the following extract from an interesting document from the convent of the discalced Carmelite nuns of Gratz. It bears date August 29, 1888, and the seal of the convent:— "In the chapel of *Maria-Saal* in the convent of the Carmelites at Gratz, Fr. Francis Xavier Weninger, while yet a secular priest, said Mass every day for nearly a year. It was a long road from the priest's house to the convent, which he travelled every morning through fair weather and foul, rain and snow. He loved the Carmelites, and our Lady of *Maria-Saal* attracted him. After Mass, which he was wont to say with indescribable devotion and with many tears, he locked the door of the chapel, and made his thanksgiving, which used to last very long, with extraordinary devotion. Sometimes he gave conferences to the community, which were of heavenly beauty. Once, after the midnight Mass on Christmas day, he made a little address, during which he appeared like one in an ecstasy. The good sisters were allowed to ask his counsel and advice, for they had not much other instruction. He had great confidence in our Rev. Mother Francisca, who was then prioress. One day he spoke to her of his trouble; and she, as if filled with the spirit of prophecy, said to him with great decision: 'Reverend Father, what you ought to do is to enter the Society of Jesus.' These words made a deep impression on him

Fr. Weninger made his novitiate at Gratz, and, after his probation, repeated his philosophy, probably at the novitiate, for this was customary at Gratz. His *puncta ad gradum* he prepared at Sandez in Galicia, where he passed his *examen ad gradum*. He was sent immediately afterwards to Tarnopol, to lecture publicly at the lyceum in that city, and to devote his spare time to preaching and hearing confessions among the Germans. Later on, he was at Linz for some time, and in 1830 taught moral philosophy in the scholasticate of the Austrian Province. He began his third year of probation at Gratz in 1840. During this year, he was confessor to the Duchess de Berri, then residing at Frohsdorf with her son the Count de Chambord, whom she had accompanied into exile.

Speaking of this noble lady, I cannot refrain from translating what Fr. Weninger writes about his relations with the duchess and her unfortunate family. They are highly interesting when viewed in connection with the irreverent prominence which the Bourbons and their ministers occupied at the time of the attempted suppression of the Society. "One day," writes Fr. Weninger, "the duchess asked me: 'Do you know, Father, on what day it was that Charles X. was forced to leave France?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it was on the feast of St. Ignatius.' At the same time I said to myself: Do you know on what day and in what year it was that Charles X. suppressed the Jesuit colleges in France? It was in the same year, on the 16th of June, the feast of the French Jesuit St. Francis Regis. The enemies of the Order, animated with a hatred of the Society, advisedly chose this solemnity of the saintly French Jesuit, upon which to submit to the king the document which was to effect the suppression of their schools. In my capacity of confessor to the duchess and to her daughter the Princess Marie, and to the Duchess d'Angoulême, I enjoyed a favorable opportunity of studying the character of the French aristocracy. Numbers of the Legitimist nobility continued to pay court to the duchess and to the Count de Chambord, and, on these occasions they were accompanied by their noble retinues. Among these occasional visitors I once met the grand-nephew of the notorious Count Choiseul, who, as minister of France under Louis XV., expelled the Jesuits from France,

and he went away pondering them. The next day, when he came as usual to say Mass, he said: 'This is the last time I shall say Mass here, I am going to enter the Society of Jesus.' On leaving the convent and especially the chapel, he was deeply moved and burst into tears. Once, while he was a novice, he visited us and said he was *more than happy*—voluntarily he would never leave —'if they will only keep me as a domestic servant,' he added. The pulpit in our refectory is a constant memorial of him; for it is the pulpit from which he delivered his lectures; it was given to us as a present many years ago."

and conspired with the equally infamous Portuguese premier, Pombal, for the suppression of the whole Society. Did it ever occur to Minister Choiseul that the day would come when his own grand nephew would be compelled to journey to a foreign land, to present himself before the dethroned heirs of the crown of France, and that there he would kneel at the feet of a Jesuit to receive absolution? 'Pray for me,' said the Count de Chambord to me during a similar conversation upon the Jesuits, '*vous savez bien que notre affaire est commune.*' Noble, but unfortunate prince! Scion of the House of Bourbon, I thought to myself, you have even now deeply understood this world's history!"

In 1841, after his tertianship, Fr. Weninger was sent to Innsbruck in the Tyrol, to replace the prefect of studies in the *gymnasium* at that place. He was afterwards recalled to Gratz for ministerial duties; but in 1843 was sent back to Innsbruck to lecture on theology to Ours. He remained there for the next seven years, during which time he was successively professor of scripture and Hebrew, and lecturer in ecclesiastical history. Besides these occupations, he was constantly preaching and hearing confessions. He heard, he says, twenty thousand confessions every year; and, in addition to his professorship and the confessional morning and evening, he occupied three pulpits, namely:—that of the students in the *gymnasium*, the one in our church, and that of the city parish church. He also accepted many invitations for festival and occasional sermons, gave a retreat to the people every year, conducted for seven successive years the spiritual exercises for the clergy of the diocese of Brixen, and was employed in missions among the people during the vacations.

With the revolution of 1848 the position of the Society in Austria and Germany became very embarassing, and the usefulness of its members at home was practically impeded. Many of the Austrian and Swiss fathers were, for this reason, forced to leave their country. They accordingly placed themselves at the disposal of foreign provincials, and, before the political *status* of their own country had regained its normal quiet, many of them had become affiliated, temporarily or permanently, to other provinces of the Society.

Among the Austrian fathers who were unwilling to endure the inactivity occasioned by political persecution was Fr. Weninger. Almost immediately upon the first indications of the revolutionary storm, he wrote to Very Rev. Fr. Roothaan, offering to travel to any part of the world to which His Reverence might see fit to send him; and a few

months later, he was sent to America. He left Innsbruck on June 20, the eve of the feast of St. Aloysius, 1848, accompanied by Fr. Genelli and Dr. Fick; the latter had been professor at the Klinkowström Institute, and instructor of Francis Joseph I. Fr. Weninger writes of this voyage to America: "I travelled in my ecclesiastical dress, although an effort had been made to dissuade me. 'I am unable,' I said, 'to conceal my sacerdotal appearance, and to dress otherwise will not screen my character; I will travel as I am.' In fact, I met no opposition even in Paris, where the revolution of July, 1848, was at its height. The Pantheon was planted with cannon, and soldiers were guarding the place against the mob. As I was eager to visit our fathers in the Rue des Postes, I approached the sentinel; and when he ordered me back I said to him: *Je suis un prêtre; je dois y aller.* He scanned me from head to foot and finally said: *Passez.*"

While at Paris, Fr. Weninger visited Montmartre, and went afterwards from Paris to Havre, whence he sailed, on the feast of St. John the Baptist, for this country. The voyage lasted twelve days. He said Mass every day and preached once in German to those on board, of whom only two, who were Spaniards bound for Paraguay, were Catholics. He experienced some difficulty, on this account, in selecting a theme upon which to address such a miscellaneous audience at their own request. When he manifested his indecision on this point, a New York Jew suggested that "The Destiny of Man" would prove an interesting and popular subject. He spoke with so much earnestness and confidence on this subject, that a gentleman who had been previously boasting of his infidelity approached him and said: "I thank you, Reverend Sir; as long as I live, I shall never forget that sermon."

He landed in New York on the feast of St. James the Apostle, and proceeded at once, with Fr. Genelli, to Fordham. While resting there, he preached his first sermon in America, at Williamsburg, in the church of the Most Holy Trinity. After celebrating the feast of St. Ignatius at Fordham, he proceeded, by way of Niagara Falls and Buffalo, to St. Louis, to confer with the superior of the Missouri Mission, about his future labors in America.

Fr. Weninger's career from this date approaches as closely to the received notion of an apostolate as perhaps any which our generation will be permitted to witness. In fact, it is its apostolic magnitude that fairly discourages us when we seek to give an adequate outline of it. Hence we shall not enter at length upon the details of this remarkable career.

Many of our readers possibly have been contemporaries of Fr. Weninger, and therefore well acquainted with even the minor details of most, if not all, of his life on the mission. To these, of course, our cursory glance at it will prove unsatisfactory; but the extent of the theme and our limits oblige us to summarize, and therefore to leave much unsaid which would indeed prove both interesting and edifying. But for those who are not familiar with the missionary life of Fr. Weninger, it may help their appreciation of it, to group his labors and travels into four distinct epochs, extending over a period of forty years, and embracing, first, his labors from 1848, about which time he gave his first American misson, to the commencement of our late civil war; secondly, those between 1860 and 1864; thirdly, the work which he accomplished from 1864 until his sacerdotal jubilee in 1878, an epoch of extensive and laborious missionary excursions in this country; and finally, his labors from 1878 until 1888, the time of his saintly death, years marked by the energy of his declining strength. We do not, of course, place any particular emphasis upon this classification of his mission work; for these dates do not indicate interruptions or changes in the character of his labors, but are meant simply to help us to form a proportionate appreciation of the extensive character of his apostolate. Moreover, it is to be understood that we had not, in submitting this grouping, the remotest idea of retracing in detail each long year of travel and preaching and shriving in which Fr. Weninger was almost incessantly engaged. It will amply satisfy our aim if we shall have submitted even a general idea of the extent of his missions; to which we hope to add some notion of his method of conducting these exercises, and an estimate, at least, of the great literary labor which went hand in hand with these apostolic exertions in the ministry.

His beginnings were, as prudence would suggest, modest and tentative. He wished to proceed gradually at first, as it were to inure himself to the labors of his later and more extensive apostleship. We said above that he became attached to the Missouri Mission in July, 1848. Until late that year, in accordance with the instruction of his superiors, and with a view to his preparation for the missions, he taught theology at Cincinnati, and, as at Innsbruck, diversified his professorial duties by preaching to the German congregations of the city, hearing confessions and studying English. In the winter of 1848, he opened his first mission in the church of the Holy Family, Oldenburg, Indiana, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was

continued for ten days and a half, and was attended by all the Catholics within a circuit of nearly twenty miles. His success in this first endeavor was eminent, and it was a powerful earnest of the fruit which was to attend his future endeavors. During the two following years, he devoted his time almost exclusively to the state of Ohio, giving also one or two small missions in Kentucky and Indiana. Between 1850 and 1860, he had traversed and retraversed the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dominion of Canada, and the states of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and Texas.

The year 1850, the first, we may call it, of his apostolic tours, opened auspiciously. It began with three great missionary successes in Cincinnati and its vicinity. Fourteen thousand approached the Holy Table, the vast majority of whom, the missionary tells us, prepared themselves for this great religious event by a general confession. This excellent beginning was followed by equally effective missions in the interior of the state. Hundreds were reconciled to God. It was, we are assured, a common thing during these missions to hear confessions of twenty and thirty years. At Wiseoak,[1] in Ohio, we are told, an old lady of seventy years of age walked seventy miles to attend the mission.

Towards the close of 1850, Fr. Weninger was invited by the archbishop of St. Louis to extend the field of his labors further west. Accepting His Grace's invitation, he terminated, that year, in St. Louis, a series of fourteen or fifteen missions—a long series at a time when the western states were not what they are for travellers at the present day, a network of convenient railroads. We find him, early in the following year, in the environs of St. Louis, at a place called New Bremen, which, in his diary, he dignifies with the distinguished title of 'Sister city to St. Louis.' This locality has since been metamorphosed into an indifferently elegant *faubourg* of the great western metropolis. From New Bremen the missionary returned by way of St. Louis to Cincinnati. On his way, he retired to Florissant for his annual retreat; and while there he preached his first English sermon. There is some humor in his allusion to this event. "Before I left Florissant," he writes, "I mustered up courage enough to preach, in the neighboring church, my first English sermon, and that to a very *obscure* audience."—They were negroes!

After conducting a series of jubilee exercises in Cincinnati, he journeyed northward as far as Chicago, giving mis-

[1] Whiteoak (?)

sions at Cleveland, Shelby, Liverpool, French Creek, Avon and Sheffield. It was at the instance of Bishop Van de Velde of the Society, that he inaugurated the good work of the missions in the great 'City of the Lakes.' From Chicago he was invited to Milwaukee; for the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni desired very much that Fr. Weninger should, for some time, make the diocese of Milwaukee the scene of his apostolate. To comply with this wish, he conducted four successive missions in the city of Milwaukee, thence proceeded to Port Washington, Manitowoc and Greenbay. At Greenbay he met FF. Anderledy and Brunner, Swiss exiles, employed upon the missions of the Missouri Province. Fr. Anderledy was, we think, recalled soon after to Germany, and Fr. Brunner was afterwards sent to Bombay. Retracing his steps southward, Fr. Weninger opened a new mission in Milwaukee, and others, successively, at Burlington City, Wheatland and Waterford (Wisconsin), in Chicago and Quincy (Illinois), at Washington and Hermann (Missouri), and finished the year's work with three remarkable missions in St. Louis.

The earlier months of 1852 were spent in Louisiana and elsewhere in the South. He preached the mission exercises this year in New Orleans, Carrollton and Mobile, among both the whites and the negroes. At a small place on the lower Mississippi, he baptized about this time fifty negroes who had been under the previous instruction of a pious creole lady. On his homeward journey in June, he opened an extensive mission at Evansville, Indiana, and then sped northward to his last year's field in Wisconsin. On his re-entrance into the state, he gave missions at Kenosha and at thirteen smaller stations throughout the diocese. He returned to Cincinnati for his annual retreat, and there closed the year 1852, in his favorite St. Philomena's church, "*mit Predigt*" as he says, "*und mit einem hochfeierlichen Te Deum.*"

The year 1853 witnessed the same round of exercises, this time in northern Ohio and in the state of Iowa. Fr. Weninger preached, this year, upwards of twenty-two missions, conducted the spiritual exercises for the clergy of the diocese of Milwaukee, delivered an eloquent oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the Milwaukee cathedral, and inaugurated the labors of 1854, in St. Louis, with a very remarkable New Year's sermon.

It was during the missions of 1853 that the phenomenon of the "cross in the heavens" [1] was witnessed for the first time. It appeared at the little town of Guttenberg, Ohio, on the upper Mississippi. The mission, which began on Rosary

[1] Cf. Crétineau-Joly, Histoire de la Comp. de Jésus, vol. vi, c. 8.

Sunday, had closed on Friday, October 20, and was followed in the afternoon by the erection of the mission cross. Hardly had the sacred emblem of our faith been raised aloft in the procession which was to conduct it to its position in front of the village church, when a large white cross appeared in the blue heavens. "It was" writes Fr. Weninger in his allusion to the strange event, "probably one hundred feet long and twenty-five wide, and constructed of beams about two feet in breadth. Everybody could see it until the mission cross was planted, it being definitely outlined in the heavens for about a quarter of an hour. It then gradually vanished in streams of light. On either side of the cross were visible at the same time two gigantic palm-branches of equal brilliancy with the cross."

We omitted to mention that, in leaving Cincinnati this year, Fr. Weninger, who had become peculiarly distasteful to the Know Nothings and German atheists, found it hard to decide whether to quit the town during the riots, so as not to unnecessarily provoke his enemies by remaining in the city, or to open new missions and reconcile more souls to their Redeemer.

The year 1854 marks a sojourn in the East for our missionary. His time was occupied mainly in conducting extensive missions in Buffalo, Rochester, New York City, Syracuse, Albany, Toronto and elsewhere. He received, he estimates, upwards of one hundred heretics into the Church, and preached very nearly one thousand times in German, French or English.

1855 and 1856 were one long series of small missions, mostly in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota. We find the indefatigable traveller in 1857, back again in the East, where he opened missions in New York City, and later, in Patterson, N. J. From this place, he ran down to Richmond, Va. From Richmond he was summoned to Boston; thence back to New York State, where he conducted new missions at Stratonport, Forest Meadow and Poughkeepsie. He had not yet been to Pennsylvania. This year, however, he was asked for there, and accordingly preached missions at Goshenhoppen, Little York and Conewago. Later on, after giving a retreat to the clergy of the archdiocese of New York, preaching to large audiences in Washington, D. C., and, finally, conducting missions in Wisconsin, at Racine and Milwaukee, he hastened back to Pennsylvania, where he gave other missions in Philadelphia and its vicinity, and then returned to Cincinnati, his "American Home" as he used to call it, to close the exercises of the year with a popular mission in the church of St. Augustin.

We next find our missionary in Texas, the field of his labors for 1859. In this state, then but thinly peopled, he erected his mission cross in Galveston and Houston, and gave missions at Victoria,, Powderhorn, San Antonio, Castroville, D'Haunis, Fredericksburg, New Brownsfield and Austin. Thence travelling north and east to New York, he preached to the Catholics of Troy, Carollton and Rockport (Indiana); and gave missions in Brooklyn (Long Island) and at Rondout on the Hudson.

Texas, in 1859, was a difficult and, in some sense, a perilous mission. The settlers there were mostly Americans, and, as a rule, "shouting Methodists" of a very belligerent type. At Galveston and elsewhere through the state, they annoyed Fr. Weninger considerably. Texas is full of mixed marriages, contracted, in a multitude of instances, with a frivolity that is almost incredible. After marriage, many often see their mistake and are grieved for the step and its results. This was the case in Galveston; and many poor creatures came to confession, where their duty as Catholic wives and mothers was strongly impressed upon them. This sacramental instruction, when its effect began to tell upon the community, was misconstrued; and it was published abroad that this Jesuit preached in the confessional that it were preferable that Catholic mothers should put their children into boiling water and pull their skin off over their ears rather than suffer them to be baptized in the Protestant church. This procedure the newspaper men, and prominently among them a certain Möhling, declared was such as to call for an apology or an explanation. This Möhling, who by the way had once been a novice in some religious congregation or order, emulating the conduct of Luther, had apostatized some years before, and like the quondam monk, "*er nahm sich ein Weib.*"

"I answered these calumnies" writes Fr. Weninger, "by setting forth in a pamphlet upon this matter of the confessional, what every Catholic should know, namely, that I not only could not reveal to their sinful curiosity but not even to the pope himself anything that I hear in the confessional. I further reminded Möhling, in the course of my exposition, that it would be well for him to come to confession to me and that then he would learn for himself how I preached or conversed in the confessional. I avoided in my reply anything more of a personal character than to recall to this vituperative and uxorious apostate the saying of the German poet Arndt:

Ein solcher Wurm erstickt in seinem eigenen Gestank.

But I took advantage of this opportunity to explain to

the Protestants of Galveston some other points which, because they were misunderstood, served to intensify the hatred which Protestants foster against Catholics. On the following Sunday, I placed a copy of my pamphlet at the door of the Methodist meeting-house and distributed a thousand copies *gratis* among the Protestants. The effect was wonderful. They were dumfounded and had to hang their heads in shame. Poor Möhling, in particular, little thought that what he so shamefully enlarged upon when I landed in Galveston—namely, that I had come to Texas to bury all the Methodists—was to be first verified at his own cost. For his Methodist wife died the day after the mission. She was all the Methodism Möhling had or cared for, and he felt her taking-off all the more because, when she was dying, she bitterly reproached him for having so shamefully slandered me. He naturally held his tongue for a while after all this. Later on, however, he managed to keep alive the persecution which followed me through Texas, by circulating among the ignorant rangers the falsehood that my object in visiting the state was to separate Catholic wives from their Protestant husbands."

One of Fr. Weninger's busiest years was 1860. Most of this year he spent in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Illinois and Wisconsin. We have no record of his missions in 1861, the first year of the war. His diary, however, for this year is full of reflections upon the issues involved in this struggle. But these, although very interesting as an index of his sentiments, are hardly within our present scope.

In 1862, he conducted a number of miscellaneous retreats and a few missions. In the following year, 1863, he writes: "I have to thank God, in an especial manner, that the war has not interfered in any way with my missionary work. The extent of the United States renders it feasible for me to prosecute my labors in sections which the tumult of war is not likely to invade." Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, northern Kentucky, Indiana, New York, Iowa and Minnesota were once more the region of his travels and the scene of his missionary toil. It was this year also that, at Monroe, a little town in southern Michigan, the phenomenon of the "cross in the heavens" was repeated. The occasion was a similar one—the erection of the mission cross—the circumstances were almost identical with those at Guttenberg, and the cross equally observable.

During the year 1864, if we are not misinformed, Fr. Weninger must have preached about forty-five missions in Wisconsin, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky and Indiana; during this same interval he gave a number

of retreats, delivered the German address at the consecration of the cathedral in Buffalo and published his well known work, "Easter in Heaven."

Here ends the second epoch in Fr. Weninger's missionary career. His subsequent labors are similar, in the nature of the work pursued, but more arduous and covering a broader area. Between 1865 and 1869, Fr. Weninger had conducted, in various sections of this country, upwards of ninety-five missions, besides giving retreats here and there to every description of pious Christians. In 1866, he attended the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore as theologian to the archbishop of Cincinnati. During the same and the following year, he was engaged upon some rather lengthy apostolic processes for the examination of miracles, wrought through his own instrumentality, by the application of the relics of St. Peter Claver.[1] In 1868, besides the time devoted to missionary travel and labor, he secured leisure enough to publish his work on "Papal Infallibility."

His apostolic energy urged him, in 1869, to the outermost limits of the Far West — to the Pacific coast—out to California, Oregon, Nevada, Washington Territory and Vancouver's Island.[2]

In 1871, on his return trip to the East, he gave missions at Tomales, Santa Clara and Placerville, in the California gold regions; reached Omaha on the 15th of May; and proceeded thence to Cincinnati to superintend the printing of a Latin manuscript. On the 9th of July, began in Minnesota what he terms "*ein Cyclus von vielen Missionen*," and returned, in Christmas week, to his "American Capharnaum," as he styles Cincinnati.

Until Easter, 1872, he remained in the vicinity of Cincinnati, hard at work. After the Paschal festivities he proceeded to Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and thence to Baltimore. From Baltimore he visited Woodstock. He makes a reflection or two upon the occasion of this visit. "I went from Baltimore," he writes, "to pay a visit to our scholastics at Woodstock, about seventeen (?) miles from the city. This college, entirely devoted to the studies and literary training of our scholastics, is buried in the deepest solitude, that the young men may, wholly undisturbed, devote themselves to

[1] See previous volume, p. 106.

[2] The missionary's own account of this period has already found place in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. In vol. i. (p. 181), he gives the account of his journey from Cincinnati to San Francisco; in vol. ii. (p. 31), an account of his work among the German Catholics in San Francisco; in the same volume (p. 142), he recounts his experiences with the Chinese; and in three other letters (vol. ii. p. 218, vol. iii. p. 112 and p. 200), his labors in Oregon and Washington Ty.

study. There are more Jesuits gathered together here in one college than I have ever seen in Europe. They number about one hundred and twenty and are mainly scholastics from our provinces in the United States. They study here with the greatest ardor. It is a great spiritual consolation to see so many of the young sons of St. Ignatius gathered together in one place preparing themselves for future combat in the front ranks of the Church's conflict. While there I could not help asking myself, what must the devil think of all this, when, like a hell-hound, he looks at this cage of young lions whose teeth are now growing and will soon be ready to bite him."

From Woodstock, Fr. Weninger travelled as far west as St. Joe, Missouri, where he closed this year's labors. Ohio, Florida, New York and New Jersey were the field of his labors for 1873. He spent 1874 in Louisiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Nebraska and Kansas. He went over the same ground in 1875, adding to it the states of Ohio, Indiana and Texas. From Texas, where he closed the missions of 1875 and opened the series of 1876, he ran northwards into the Alleghanies; thence west to Michigan; thence to Greenbay, Wisconsin; back again to Chicago; then eastward to New York; and westward, once more, to Cincinnati. He spent half of the following year in the South and the other half in the North, mostly in Wisconsin and Michigan. It was in this year that Fr. Weninger published his reply to Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, against the secretary's work "The Papacy and Civil Power." 1878 was another full year of missions, and was the year of Fr. Weninger's sacerdotal jubilee. This event he commemorated at St. Xavier's, Cincinnati. In his diary, he refers with pleasure and a grateful heart to the solemnity of this occasion. During the festivities, he received a costly stole from the negroes of Savannah, a congratulatory note from Cardinal Franzelin, who used to serve his Mass when he was at Innsbruck, and the papal blessing of His Holiness, Leo XIII.

From 1878 to 1885, about the time when he deemed it prudent to cease his travels, on account of his failing health and his advanced age, for he was getting on towards seventy-five, his missions were not so extended, although his work was, in many instances, equally burdensome with the labors of his younger days. He confined himself mainly to the middle, and a few of the western and north-western states, and to some favorite places in the East. Thus, in 1879, he was occupied in New York, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Arkansas and Indiana. In 1880, he gave missions in Wash-

ington, D. C., Indianapolis, Chillicothe, Chicago and some smaller towns; and, in 1881, was in Springfield, Illinois; whence he travelled east to Long Island, back again to Hanover, Missouri, and thence to Eskanaba, Michigan. This year, he informs us, he conducted the retreat for the clergy of the diocese of Alton, then went east to Pittsburg and New York, and returned to Cincinnati towards the end of the year.

In the beginning of his diary for 1882, he quotes from Holy Writ, "The years of man are seventy, and when they are full, eighty." Upon which he makes this reflection, "Can I not, even after my death, continue to preach and to carry on the apostolic labor to which God has destined me? Can I not, in other words, through the mouths of other ministers of the sanctuary, through their proclamation of the Word of God, contribute something to the spread of the truth, something to the interest of the great God and to the salvation of souls? The press will supply the means." "Inflamed by these hopes" he continues, "I arrived at the conclusion, to hand over to my brothers in the holy office a printed series of my discourses and sermons." Seven volumes of this series made their appearance in 1882, namely: Sunday Sermons, Feast-day Sermons, Conferences for Married Men and Young Men, Conferences for Married Women and Young Ladies, May Sermons, Lenten Sermons, and Sermons on the Most Blessed Sacrament. He seems to have set much store upon this work, and ceases not, in his diary, to thank God for its successful progress. With the aid of the younger men of the province, he was able later to publish an English translation of the same series. Three other volumes appeared some years afterwards, namely: "The Mission," "The Renewal of the Mission" and "Practical Hints." We mention these works in this connection because they are, in a measure, part of what may be called the missionary's field-work. He wrote, however, much more at which we may glance later on.

During the last months of 1882, Fr. Weninger was at work once more in Indiana and Missouri and, during his tour through the former state, he was requested by the Franciscans of Oldenburg to preside at their local celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of their founder. In 1883, he pursued his missionary course, for the last time, in the north-west. The same year, he attended the provincial congregation in St. Louis, and exerted himself even more than in previous years for the religious improvement of the negroes of the United States and for the promotion of the canonization of Blessed Peter Claver. In 1884, he

attended the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, as theologian to the bishop of Marquette; and in 1885, at the advanced age of eighty years, and after a mission or two in Wisconsin and Michigan, he practically ended his missionary excursions.

This hurried review gives us, in a very garbled form, it is true, a general idea of the extent of Fr. Weninger's missionary labors, and with it we should conclude, were it not that we had promised to add a word about the manner in which Fr. Weninger conducted his missions, and another on his literary labors.

In describing his mission-methods, we shall confine ourselves to the missionary's own exposition. "The principal thing to be noted" he tells us, "is that the missions which I conducted are not to be confounded with the retreats. In the latter, one simply delivers sermons or gives instructions for three, five or eight days, twice a day, and in the meantime allows the people to prepare for confession, without preparing the different classes of people according to their various states of life. I myself gave such retreats in Europe in the places in which I was teaching. It is true that by these retreats much good is often accomplished, but they do not result in such a thorough regeneration of a congregation, that each class of the parishioners may profit. This regeneration consists rather in a thorough instruction of each portion of the congregation: married men and married women, young men and young women, and children. For this purpose, instructions adapted to these particular states, separate confessions for the different classes, and general Communions at stated times, are of immeasurable utility. In the first place, there is in an invitation to a sermon meant for a particular state in life, something specially attractive, which induces the members of these respective classes to come willingly to these separate conferences. This is especially so in the case of young men and married men who have neglected the practice of their religion or who have almost given it up. In the second place, you can never, in the presence of one class of hearers, recall to the consideration of one state, at least fully and circumstantially and with a view to their fulfilment, any or all of their specific duties, without inviting the criticism of the other classes of the congregation. In the third place, this parcelling-out of the congregation provides also for the practicability and certainty of confession. The missionary is enabled, in this way, to place before a whole class the points upon which these particular members of the parish are to examine and accuse themselves, and the confessor

will thus perhaps rid himself of much of his otherwise superfluous labor. Besides, with this method, there is much less dissipation of mind and more earnestness displayed by all classes." Fr. Weninger enlarges considerably upon the excellency of this method. "By it" he continues, "the missionary holds the reins of the whole mission in his own hands." "However," he remarks, "I do not give this plan as a rule for other missionaries; it will overtax the ordinary strength of most preachers. What surprises me, although it was the holy will of God, is that God gave me the strength necessary to carry out such a plan for thirty-seven years.

"As regards the number of times one is to preach, I myself gave ordinarily two set sermons, one of these class-conferences and an address, thus preaching four times a day. When, as was frequently the case, the congregation was a mixed one, of English, German or French, I had to preach eight times a day, or upwards of sixty times in eight days. If it happened that all three nationalities were present in large numbers in a congregation, the leading points had to be put before each nationality. Then, of course, each sermon is considerably shorter, the three taking an hour and a half. Such a mission, in the three languages, is very taxing upon the missionary, but the effect is far greater than when a special mission is given to each nationality.

"What relates to the matter of the sermons, the instructions to the various conditions of exercitants, the address, the solemnities to be observed, together with the whole conduct of the mission, I have embraced in my three volumes entitled respectively: 'The Mission,' 'The Renewal of the Mission,' and 'Practical Hints.' The solicitude to be exerted for the continuance of the fruit of the mission after the mission has closed, and the practical working of its effects, I have minutely dwelt upon in the 'Practical Hints.' To this end, the erection of sodalities for the various classes in the parish, the visiting of the mission cross, and, above all, a care to provide fitting books for family reading and in keeping with the mission, books that will prove useful for home reading and self-instruction, help very efficaciously. There is no dearth of good books I know, but I speak here of the spread of those books which suit precisely the chief need of the faithful now-a-days and particularly in America.

"For, first of all, the faithful everywhere, but especially in America, should clearly understand, and be in a condition to instruct others, that there is but one religion revealed by God and that there is but one church founded by Christ, viz: the first Christian Church, the Roman Catholic Church,

which is the only saving Church. They should know, in this way, that there are not as many kinds of churches as there are Christian denominations that believe in Christ, but that those only are, in the full meaning of the word, Christian, who recognize themselves as children of that church which Christ founded. Furthermore, every Catholic should also be in a condition to give a satisfactory answer and explanation to every objection brought against the teaching of the Church. To aid them in this, I wrote the work entitled: 'Catholicity, Protestantism and Infidelity.'

"Secondly, all the faithful should be so instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church that they can, in turn, teach every one that the doctrine which they, as children of the Catholic Church, are obliged to believe, was taught from the earliest days of Christianity, and is in keeping with the teachings of Holy Writ and the tradition of the Fathers.

"Thirdly, every Catholic should be intimately persuaded, that to attain to salvation, it will not alone suffice that our faith be orthodox, but our lives also must be conformed to Christ, and we must constantly advance in his knowledge and love. Now, next to a thorough grounding in the doctrine of the Church, nothing more effectually conduces to this than the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was to foster this devotion that I wrote the 'Sacred Heart Mission Book.'

"Fourthly, Catholics must believe without any admixture of error in their faith; hence they should admit the infallible teaching authority of the head of the Church. In fact, fundamental instruction upon this point has become a matter of paramount importance for Catholics since the definition of the Vatican Council. The young, in particular, need this instruction, that the silly raillery of the enemy may not lead them into error. To supply a copious source of instruction for all upon this doctrine, I published 'The Infallibility of the Pope in defining Matters of Faith.'

"Fifthly, the whole tendency of Catholic life is directed heavenwards. What is heaven? The answer to this important question I have given in my 'Easter in Heaven.'

"Sixthly, are there any of the faithful who have already secured for themselves the blessedness of paradise? Yes; the saints have secured the happiness of heaven for all eternity. Who are the saints and what were they? I have answered this question in my 'Lives of the Saints.' Here, to a short account of their lives, I have in each instance appended a brief exhortation to their imitation and indicated methods of actually profiting by their example.

"In addition to these works I published a series of three catechisms for ordinary and for more advanced students of the Catholic doctrine.

"These seven works constitute a small house-library; and, when giving missions, I have exerted myself, as I always do, so far as to prevail upon the families attending the mission exercises to secure all these works. I withdraw from my labors with the reflection: 'What more, dear people, can I do for all of you or any one of you, than I have done; what greater solicitude am I capable of exhibiting for the future welfare of any and of all of you?"

It is clear from this summary of the mission-methods of Fr. Weninger, that they involved a considerable amount of original literary labor on the part of the missionary himself. That Fr. Weninger did not shrink from such a labor is, we fancy, amply evinced by his extensive writings in German, English, French and Latin. In these he found his pastime; and if we may be permitted to so express it, he set as much store upon the writings which he had accumulated, the fruits of a rich experience and much thought, as a miser sets upon his gold and silver. This became singularly evident during the conflagration which destroyed our church in Cincinnati in 1882. It is amusing to hear him depict his anxiety for his papers which he considered lost in this fire.

"I occupied" he says, "a room behind the high altar in the church, and, in this apartment, actually lived under the roof of the church itself, at the side of Christ, and facing the Most Blessed Sacrament. As it was then Holy Week—a season during which I was wont, for years back, to repair to St. Paul's Church to preach, to be present at the ceremonies of Holy Week, and to celebrate the feast of the Resurrection after the German fashion—I was not in my room the night the church caught fire. Between 1 and 2 o'clock on Maundy Thursday night, the fire alarm was turned on and I heard the cry that St. Xavier's was in flames. I ran to the window of the presbytery, which was upon an eminence overlooking the city, and thence saw St. Xavier's, at a distance, encompassed in flames. The thought that, in my room in the church, all the writings which I had brought from Europe to America were locked away, created in me the sensation that I was myself in the fire. Half of me—the laboriously gathered results of years of study and experience—appeared in the heat of the bright flames to be paralyzed for the future. But I was soon able to make an act of resignation. I thought of Fr. Lancicius who, while he was offering our Lord all that he possessed, heard the

voice of Jesus from the consecrated host asking him: 'And thy writings also?' Lancicius answered: 'Lord, thou knowest what they cost me, yet, if thou dost so will it, take them also.' After this reflection, I offered all my writings in like manner to the Lord, if it should be his will that they be consumed. Meanwhile, the flames, as their fury relaxed momentarily, suggested to me the sweet words of the Psalmist: '*bonorum meorum non indiges, Domine.*' On the following day, Good Friday, I was celebrant during the ceremonies at St. Paul's, and was, for this cause, detained in the church most of the forenoon. I learned meanwhile, that everything within reach of the flames had been destroyed, and it was directly behind the high altar, and separated only by a partition, that my room was situated. The college was not very far from St. Paul's, but as I had been accustomed for years to make the Three Hours' Agony of Christ upon the cross, I did not wish to visit the fire until this duty was discharged. After the three hours, I hastened to the church, and on reaching the college door, inquired whether anything from my room had been preserved. I was told that nobody knew; that nobody had heard anything about it; and, furthermore, that no one could enter the room, as I had carried the key away with me. I then went over to the scene of the fire. The stairway leading to my room was destroyed, and the door, which remained untouched, was inaccessible except to good climbers. The man whom I sent up to open the door called down to me: 'What do you want out of your room, Father?' 'I want all that is left in it,' I answered. He then replied: 'Everything is here; the fire did not enter the room.' And, in fact, not a page in my bookcase or anywhere in the room had been harmed. I had among my effects a 'Christkindchen' (a statue of the little child Christ). It was of wax from Bethlehem, and a souvenir of a Franciscan convent in Vienna. Even this, together with a little music box for the crib, remained untouched, while the organ with its pipes was consumed in the fire and the clock dropped like wax from the tower. As I forthwith employed a number of men to carry down all my manuscripts, how thankful I felt to divine Providence! I fancied I heard these words of our Lord: 'You presented these writings to me; I have taken care of them for you.' *Vere quam bonus Israel Deus!* It is in circumstances like this that man feels, as it were palpably, with how much truth St. Paul says of Christ that he is 'the incarnate benevolence of God.'"

Fr. Weninger was, it is very well known, a student, and, like most students, was very fond of his own productions.

In this particular instance, however, it may be pretty justly conjectured that the work which he was desirous of prosecuting after his death through some of these writings (he was engaged at the time upon his sermon series) had much, if not everything, to do with his anxiety on this occasion.

Fr. Weninger's fondness for his papers leads us to say a word of his books. We have had occasion already to mention some of his literary productions. To review all he wrote, and in detail, were simply out of the question. It would be taxing patience even to name all his books, pamphlets, brochures, replies and explanations. Moreover, his works are comparatively recent, or at least so close at hand to everybody, that it would be, if not a useless task, at least a presumption, to seek to create an opinion where everybody is enabled to form his own judgment. We are loth, however, to omit stating in connection with his writings that many have been loud in their commendation of the missionary's books. For, to pass by Dr. Brownson's great admiration of his "Photographic Views, or Religious and Moral Truths reflected in the Universe," his work on "Catholicity, Protestantism and Infidelity" is very highly valued at home and abroad. Shortly after its appearance in this country, it was published in Europe, in French, Italian and Hungarian. His "Sunday and Feastday Sermons," together with the "Mission Book," were also reprinted in Bohemian. Upon his Latin work "*Summa Doctrinæ Christianæ*," Gregory XVI. congratulated Fr. Weninger in these very flattering terms: "*Purissimis fidei Catholicæ principiis juventutem erudire satagis.*" In return for a copy of his "Catholicity, Protestantism and Infidelity," Pius IX. sent the apostolic benediction. "*Ut autem*" the pontiff wrote upon the occasion, "*alacrius procedas ad convertendam istam gentem* (*Americanam*), *omnibus tuis consiliis, tentaminibus, conatibusque apostolicam impertimur benedictionem.*" The same Holy Father, upon the publication of the work on "Papal Infallibility," addressed the author in these other highly encouraging words: "You have benefitted the Church more through this book, than you could ever be in a condition to aid her by all your missions in America."[1]

Suffice it to say that, during his travels and missions in America and Europe, Fr. Weninger published, in book or

[1] After quoting these words of approbation, Fr. Weninger adds: "Certain it is that, should God require me to renounce either the merits gained by my sermons or those gained by my books, I should exclaim without hesitation: 'Leave me those of my books, I renounce those of my sermons.'" v. Fr. Weninger on the Pacific Coast—WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. ii, p. 39.

pamphlet form, upwards of forty different works in German; sixteen in English, either translations or original works; three in Latin and eight in French; besides composing some very generally commended pieces of sacred music.

This illustrious workman in God's vineyard had quoted the holy writings very appropriately when he said with the sacred writer: "The years of man on earth are seventy, and, when they are full, eighty." His own years were full in 1885. After this time he hardly ever went abroad, being engaged almost continuously at home, in prayer and in the compilation, we understand, of a popular exposition of sacred scripture.

Before concluding this sketch we must say a word of Fr. Weninger's domestic life. The presumption probably is that one who was so incessantly abroad had lost the habit and ways, at least, if not the spirit of community life. But those with whom his odd moments at home were spent, are unanimous in declaring that, even in very minor details of routine life in the community, Fr. Weninger rarely, and never unnecessarily, failed to set a salutary example to all. Many will bear further testimony that, during the last months of his life at St. Xavier's, he illustrated many of the most difficult virtues of the unswerving rule of strict community life. If any proof were needed, much could be gathered from the opinion entertained of his conduct by one under whose obedience he spent many of the last days of his life. I shall therefore conclude this review of Fr. Weninger's long and useful life with a quotation from this authority, the more willingly that, in it some things touching the missionary's individuality are alluded to, which cannot but edify all of us. "Work and prayer," writes this father, "were Fr. Weninger's predominant traits of character. Last Holy Week, he was, as usual, at St. Paul's Church, and a few days previous, he came to my room with a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament, written for the occasion,—*written* by a man who had spent *forty years* in preaching and writing sermons!—If I understood his diary aright, he says there that he never paid a visit or took a walk simply for pleasure's sake, and hence always found time for work. His obedience too was remarkable. It was the aim of his life to have his will in conformity with the will of his superior. When I recalled the saying that, 'chastity is the virtue of the young, obedience the virtue of the old,' and when I considered the unusual life he had led in the Society, it was to me edifying indeed, to see his anxiety to do precisely as I wished him. Last winter he travelled to Windsor, Canada,

for the benefit of a colored congregation there; at Christmas and Easter he was at St. Paul's Church; the rest of the time he spent with us, constantly occupied with his last work: 'Popular Commentaries on the Holy Scriptures.' On Sunday, June 17, he said his last Mass. Every succeeding day he received Holy Communion. He had received extreme unction about one month previously. His sufferings were great, and once when I was with him, he said as much, but remarked with earnestness that God honored him by sending him such trials. He had other trials which he bore with equal heroism, always showing himself a man of well-tried, solid virtue. After his illness became serious, I attended to his mail myself. Besides letters from different states, he received one from Australia, and one from Ceylon—all containing requests for prayers or relics or miracles. His pious death followed shortly after, and his funeral services were conducted quietly and privately, as is the custom of the Society, but with becoming veneration for the memory of the saintly departed. After the office for the dead, his remains were conveyed, by order of Rev. Fr. Provincial, to the novitiate cemetery at Florissant. On the 4th of July, the pastor of St. Paul's Church held a solemn requiem service for the repose of his soul. The singers and musicians who attended gave their services gratuitously, in honor of the illustrious dead, and, after the service, rendered a part of Fr. Weninger's *Te Deum*—a part which, because they never succeeded perfectly in giving it his interpretation, they had rehearsed over and over again under his own direction. The difficult passage was the words: 'In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum.' I trust that, by this time, he realizes fully the meaning of those words. He was a man who would not hear of merit; he worked for God."

We could introduce other documents of an equally laudable character, even from those outside the Society and in some instances alien to the Church, but recourse to so copious a commendation of the man and his works is better suited to the profuseness of a biography than to the limited character of a sketch. Besides, we have said enough, we think, to show that Fr. Weninger was a holy Jesuit, a hard worker and a great student. He was over and above, it is true, a distinguished missionary, a widely known writer and one of the most highly esteemed members of our Order in the United States. But from our standpoint, his missionary success will be looked upon as an accident, his literary reputation as rather an outward tribute, and his renown as a Jesuit, an ephemeral destiny. For us, his piety, his learning, his untiring zeal—the active expression of his-

toric and true Jesuitism—made him what he was and what every member of our Order who will emulate his example can become—a true Jesuit.

INDIAN TRADITIONS

AMONG THE OSAGES.

In reading the *Catholic World* for December, 1884,[1] I was very much amused by an account there given of Chinese traditions regarding the origin of the human family. I cannot help thinking that an account of the traditions of our western aborigines will be equally interesting; for in my estimation they can stand side by side with those of the Chinese. As my duties during the last thirty-four years of missionary life have familiarized me with the Osages more than with any other tribe, I shall limit myself to an account of their genealogy, and their social and religious traditions. Of course the poor untutored Indians of North America cannot be compared, to any advantage, with the learned mandarins of China, yet an examination into their myths and traditions will not be less interesting on that account.

In giving the origin of the human family, the Chinese account above mentioned supposes man already existing, and represents him playing short-hand tricks, as it were, with the sun and moon; but it does not tell us whence the first man came. The Osage traditions on this subject give us more satisfaction, for they tell us clearly how the first Osage man and woman came into this world, how they became the parents of a large progeny of children and grandchildren, and how from them the Osage nation was formed. Their tradition takes for granted that other nations also came into existence about the same time, but were living far apart, and unknown to them for a long while. And here I must first acknowledge that the Osages, as well as almost all other aboriginal nations, have a great many different traditions concerning their origin, but the one about which I am going to speak is, in my judgment, the best of all and most generally accepted. I learned it from one of the most intelligent Osage Wha-conta-cki, that is to say doctors, or, as they call them, medicine men. The Osage language not

[1] This account was written in July, 1885.

being written, it follows that they have no records of any kind, and all their knowledge is based on oral traditions. But as they are generally endowed with a singular gift of memory, and are very particular and even scrupulous about holding fast whatever they have once learned, so the religious knowledge they receive when initiated in the quality of medicine men, they preserve most jealously, and transmit word by word to the young men whom they prepare to succeed them in this kind of priesthood. The traditions of almost all our western Indians do not seem to go back any further than to Noah's time, and almost all believe that their ancestors, long ago, came to this continent from a land far away beyond the sea, on big floating trees. Generally they point to the east as the direction whence they came. And, as is but natural, every nation preserves special legends, all showing that, in the earliest ages of the world, something quite wonderful and divine took place in the intercourse which their great-grandfathers had with the Great Spirit. Of such tales they are as proud as the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans were of their myths.

Now to come to our point, I would say that some of the most intelligent Osage medicine men have a remarkable legend concerning their origin. They say that the first Osage man came down from the sun, and the first Osage woman from the moon, both at the same time, in mature age, and gifted with intelligence. According to their traditions, this man and woman married, and in progress of time had six children, three sons and three daughters. As these children, carefully reared by their parents, grew in body and developed in mind, they became anxious to know how it was that they had come into this world, how it was that the whole firmament was moving, by whose hands the sun, moon and stars were directed, and how it was that the different seasons of the year regularly succeeded one another in such perfect harmony. They next wondered by what power germination was produced, and from what sources the rivers were daily supplied with fresh water; in a word, they felt that there must be some Great One, a Great Spirit, a Master of all things, by whom the whole world was preserved and governed. So, on this Great One they incessantly called for assistance, and to him they prayed to enlighten their minds, and explain to them the mysteries by which they were encompassed. Hereupon the older of the sons, thinking that, by offering to the Great Spirit some act of self-punishment, he might succeed in gaining his favor, and might obtain this knowledge, determined to undertake a journey of seven days through the wilderness, fasting most strictly all

the time. Accordingly, he started alone, on a western course, and kept travelling for seven days, fasting and mourning; but to no purpose, for the Great Spirit showed him no favor. When he returned to his people, the second son thought that he might succeed better. So he undertook a similar journey through the western wilderness, fasting and mourning for seven days; but he too returned disappointed, fatigued and hungry.

The failure of these two expeditions discouraged the sons greatly, and they were at a loss to know what to do in order to propitiate the Great Spirit. While they were in this mental distress, the youngest of the three daughters felt a kind of inward impulse telling her to try her chances; and accordingly, she determined to start on a similar journey, but in quite a different direction. Taking no provisions for the journey, she started all alone, hurrying over an eastern course, through a mountainous country, determined not to return unless she first had an interview with the Great Spirit. Off she went! making the mountains re-echo all the while her pitiful wailings; while the tears streaming from her eyes spoke most eloquently to the Great Spirit on her behalf. She, it seems, was not disappointed; for the Great Spirit, moved by her entreaties, took pity on her, and granted all the wishes of her pure and innocent heart. As the night of the seventh day was approaching, the poor child, exhausted by her fasting and weeping, entered into a large cave to rest. Hardly had she closed her eyes to sleep, when the evening breeze, gently murmuring through the crevices of the rocks around the cave, made a noise as of many sweet voices singing melodious songs. Hearing this, though she felt that she was awake, she could not move. All at once, a dazzling light illumined the whole cave; its brightness was like that of the sun, and a brilliant rainbow encompassed the whole place. Then she noticed that, all along the walls of that cave, most beautiful flowers were growing; she felt an enchanting fragrance coming from aromatic herbs that covered the floor of the cave, and she saw plants loaded with luxuriant fruits, the like of which she had never seen before. And lo! while she was contemplating all these wonders, the high ceiling of the cave suddenly opened, and through it she could see countless glittering stars, on a pure blue sky. She now felt as if a heavy dark veil had been removed from her mind. Her heart was at rest, and her soul enjoyed a most perfect calm. In that state of tranquillity, the secrets of nature and the principles of all knowledge were manifested to her. She felt that the great gift of knowledge, which she so earnestly desired, had now been given to her;

for at once she seemed to understand the beautiful harmony of the heavenly bodies as they revolved in their orbits; and she began to see how, through their agency and the periodical succession of the seasons, an unlimited productive power was imparted to the earth, and how, from these agencies combined, was developed the hidden virtue of roots, seeds and minerals, for the benefit of all organic life. How happy the poor child felt at the sight of so many wonders! She felt confident that the Great Spirit was friendly towards her; for he had granted her the wishes of her heart. She turned her wondering eyes in all directions and did not know which to admire more: the brightness of the stars in the sky over her head, or the most charming beauty and fragrance that surrounded her. The flowers, however, so fascinated her, that she resolved to pluck one and preserve it as a sweet souvenir of that memorable night. So she tried to stretch forth her hand to the nearest, when, all at once, the beautiful vision disappeared as suddenly as it had come. She looked around bewildered, not knowing whether she was awake or asleep. She felt that she was free and could move, but dared not do so for a while. She surveyed the whole cave; but lo! everything was changed again; all was quiet around her, and the stillness of the place was interrupted only by the breeze which was still softly moaning through the crevices of the rocks. The morning star was rising; and by the light of the moon, now disappearing in the far western horizon, she saw that she was on the very spot to which she had withdrawn to rest on the previous evening. But she was fully satisfied that the gift of knowledge had been granted to her. She felt as if an additional mental power, as well as a new vitality, had been added to her, and she returned to her people full of joy, to give them an account of her happy adventure.

Her success filled the hearts of all with gladness, and stimulated the youngest of her brothers to start on a similar journey, in the hope that perhaps the Great Spirit might be favorable to him also. So, without delay, he started in the same direction which his sister had taken, and while he was trying to walk in the footprints she had left on the sand, he made the air resound with his weird lamentations. Going on day after day in this wise, he at last reached the spot where his sister had received the gift of knowledge. Weakened by his seven days' fasting, he stopped here, and, clapping his hands together, and stamping on the ground with his feet, he roared with all the strength of his lungs, calling on the Great Spirit to have pity on him, and be as good to him as he had been to his sister. Wonderful to relate, in

the midst of his excitement, he heard, as it were, a loud thunder-clap, which, being at once reverberated by a thousand echoes from the surrounding mountains, filled the air with a rumbling noise. To this was added a sudden darkness, frequently interrupted by flashes of light darting in every direction, and followed shortly after by a heavy rain. As the poor boy ran for shelter to a tree laden with dense foliage, a fierce wind from the east began to blow a hurricane, and carried with it everything in its path. Hereupon, the boy, fearing lest he too might be carried away by the violence of the wind, quickly seized the tree under which he was standing. In a moment the wind uprooted the tree, and hurled tree and boy into a very deep ravine close by. And indeed he would have been killed, had not the large branches and spreading roots of the tree broken the force of the fall, so that the boy felt no other sensation than that experienced by one who is swung through the air. On looking around him, he perceived that he was standing in a deep, unknown place, from which he knew not how to extricate himself. While in this state of suspense, not knowing what to do or where to go, a man of gigantic proportions stood before him, looking kindly upon him. The man first reached his hand towards him and invited him to follow. In a moment, he had him by the hand, and brought him up to the spot from which he had been hurled. But there a great change had taken place, for the hurricane had rooted up and carried off several trees, with an amount of dirt and gravel, leaving two high parallel rocks not very far apart. At the same time, some very tall trees, blown down from the top of the mountain, had fallen over these two rocks, forming a sort of ceiling over the intervening space, so that the whole resembled a good spacious room. Now the giant who had brought the boy up to this dwelling built by nature itself, taking two dry sticks, rubbed them together briskly, until by the friction sparks were extracted, which, falling on a pile of dry leaves and twigs, soon started a big fire. While the boy stood wondering at the huge blaze, the giant, making a lever of a long pole, raised up some huge boulders, picked some small stones from under them, and threw them on the fire. These, in a short time, melted away, showing in their liquid state different shades of color, some appearing as red as the fire itself, others the brightest yellow, and others again as bright as a looking-glass. As these cooled off, each one took a different shape, according to the different natural crevices into which they flowed. On beholding these wonderful sights, the boy felt convinced that the giant before whom he

stood must be the Great Spirit himself, and he fell on his knees to adore him; when, at once, all disappeared and he found himself by the tree which he had seized at the beginning of the storm. Considering all that had taken place, the boy felt sure that the Great Spirit had heard his prayers; for indeed he had seen and learned things of which he never before had any idea; he now understood the great power of the lever as well as of fire, and in this he saw the key of all mechanics; so, being well satisfied with the success of his expedition, he returned to his brethren.

How happy they all were when they found that the Great Spirit had favored their younger brother also! Following the impulse their minds had received from these revelations, they soon improved their condition. Before this they had lived like beasts in the open air, sheltering themselves under trees or in caves, feeding on wild fruits or on game. But now they began to till the ground, they gathered seeds and planted them, and improved the land by cultivation. They found iron, melted it, and made all kinds of utensils; and then built houses and began to live more comfortably. They married amongst themselves, the first of the sons taking the first of the daughters, the second son taking the second daughter, and the third son the third daughter. In course of time their children also married, and thus, in a short time, their number greatly increased. As was but natural, they transmitted to the rising generation the knowledge revealed to themselves; and by their labor and experience they improved daily, until, by degrees, they became a powerful people. Love of nationality soon developed in their hearts, and natural ambition excited in them the spirit of conquest. Anxious to extend their power by the discovery of new territory, they determined to start on an exploring expedition. They armed themselves with long spears made of sharp canes, and with strong bows and plenty of arrows, so as to be prepared for hunting as well as for self-defence. After a long journey through a desert country, they at last met with other nations; they attacked and conquered them. Proud of their success, they advanced still further on their march of conquest; so that in a short time they became a terror to all the neighboring nations, who, not knowing by what name to call them, named them *Wha-sha-she* which means "daring men." By this name they were called for hundreds of years by all the nations with whom they had any dealings, till at last the French Canadians, meeting with them on their voyages along the Mississippi, called them in their language *Osages* (*hommes qui osent*). No one, who has carefully followed the account of these traditions, can help

seeing a faint trace, at least, of the story of Noah's family in the days of the great flood, and of the subsequent increase and dispersion of the human race all over the world.

As to what concerns the way in which the Osage medicine men claimed to have received revelations, I do not think that they claim for themselves more supernatural assistance than the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans of old claimed in their theogonies. Of the two systems, that of the medicine men seems to be the more reasonable. In regard to the marriage of the first brothers and sisters, as handed down by the medicine men, I cannot find anything to blame ; for there was no other way in which they could have propagated their race, since they knew of no other people until they started on their exploring expeditions. Nay more, their story of the multiplication of the human family is, in my opinion, far more natural than that attributed by the ancients to Deucalion and Pyrrha. Moreover, one cannot help concluding, from the existence of these traditions, that a link of some kind must certainly have existed between the descendants of Noah and the ancestors of these American aborigines. And, in fact, a thorough examination of this question will force one to admit that they must have descended from some of the lost tribes of Israel ; for not only their customs and traditions but also their very type of countenance shows them to be of Asiatic origin.

By carefully studying the habits and religious practices of the Osages, and even the greater part of our western Indians, one will find that, with very few exceptions, they never admitted idolatry, but always proclaimed the existence of one supreme God, whom they call *Wha-con-ta*, which, according to the opinion of Indian philologists, is claimed to be a corruption of *Ie-ho-wah*. Nay more, according to the authority of Father Calamette, as given by Chateaubriand in his "Genius of Christianity" (Book 1, ch. 3), the North American aborigines, by the name of *Wha-con-ta* or the Great Spirit, mean a triune god in whose honor they always sing their *Ta-he-hon*. That this is in truth their liturgical chant, I myself can bear witness. Here, however, some might object that the Indians generally worship a great many manitous ; how then can one say that they are not idolaters ? Well, I will grant that they do worship, in a way, a great many manitous, but I must beg leave to notice that these manitous are not regarded as gods, but simply as *genii*, or tutelar spirits, inferior to the Great Spirit.

Finally, the custom for a man to marry his brother's widow, in order to keep up his brother's name, the ceremonies used in giving a name to a child, the adoption of children,

the calling of their cousins by the name of brothers and sisters, their daily supplications to the Great Spirit, at daybreak, at noon, and at sunset, their psalmody, which they regularly sing on a certain number of sticks, each of which represents a different prayer, their daubing their faces with mud, and covering their head with dust and ashes, their mourning most pitifully over their dead, their fasting most rigorously for seven days, and even seven months, when they are mourning for a departed wife or children, their continual calling on the aid of a *Dear Great One Expected*, who is to come at last and give them power to revenge themselves on their enemies by killing them, etc., these and many such customs which our western Indians, especially the Osages, preserve most faithfully, bear unmistakable signs of having been inherited from the Jews. They keep up very jealously their periodical religious ceremonies at every change of the moon. Of these ceremonies, the principal are those which they perform about full moon, at the opening of spring, and which frequently coincide with our Holy Week.

Even in their home government one may notice traces of ancient Jewish institutions; for those who still preserve their ancient habits, have thus far adhered to a regular patriarchal government, of a theocratic form. The big chief, or *Cahi-ckie* as they call him, is also their high priest, and acts as such in all their religious ceremonies, and receives tithes from his people. Moreover, in the family of the chief there is a well organized dynasty; for the dignity, with all its emoluments, is hereditary; and if, on the death of a chief, his son should be too young to govern the tribe, then the brother of the deceased, or some near relative would assume the administration until the lawful heir come of age and be qualified to govern. The Salic law is still in full force in all the western tribes; and amongst the pagan Indians of to-day, woman is still the wretched slave she was in ancient times.

Their towns are laid out with remarkable symmetry. First come the lodges or wigwams of chiefs and councillors, with the braves; next to them come the other wigwams forming two and sometimes three streets. Every town has its special officers, such as chief, medicine men, doctors, etc. Of all these different offices, there are two which are considered the most important, and which are certainly the most lucrative. The first is that of town-crier. This man gives all the orders of the day, and proclaims all the news in a stentorian voice, from the four corners of the town. This done, he visits every wigwam, and is treated to some dried

meat, of which he eats what he needs, and brings the balance home to his family. The second great official is the one they call the "kettle-tender." He is a kind of public steward, who manages all feasts and ceremonies, and, as he is engaged for all public dinners, he always provides abundantly for himself and his family. As the kettle is the most prominent among his utensils, it has become the emblem of his office and has given him his name.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

TWO OLD LETTERS.

I. FR. JOHN MCELROY TO ABP. MCHALE.

[1] MATAMORAS, MEXICO, March 22, 1847.

MOST REVEREND SIR,

The voice of our distressed brethren in Ireland has reached us in this distant land, now the theatre of war, and although this is the case, we could not be unmindful of them. The sum of eight hundred dollars has been contributed, and the names of the donors are herewith enclosed. Confiding as we do in your well known charitable and benevolent disposition, we leave to Your Grace the disbursement of this our mite.

Chosen by the contributers to communicate with Your Grace, it gives me great pleasure to be able thus to address a prelate whom I have long admired for all those virtues that adorn such an exalted station, and particularly for that with which he guards the youth of Ireland from the pernicious influences of a mixed education both in colleges and in public schools.

May Heaven preserve you many years as the able defender of our holy religion, and may you see our beloved Erin what you would wish her to be, ere you are called to the great reward that awaits you.

I send this letter with our contribution under cover to Mr. Thos. Hale of New Orleans, who will purchase a bill of exchange for the amount sent, and forward the first of the set with this letter; the second will be sent by the next packet.

You will please have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this, and send your answer under cover to Thom-

[1] See Correspondence of Mexican War Chaplains in previous volume.

as Hale, Esquire, New Orleans; in this way it will come to hand safe.[1]

My presence at Matamoras is thus accounted for. The President of the United States requested the Provincial of our Society, residing at Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia, to send two fathers with the invading army to this country. I have been at this post for eight months, in the capacity of chaplain to the U. S. troops, and have rendered all the service in my power to the Catholic soldiers, as well as to others, in the hospitals. Catholics form a majority in the regular army; as our appointment has been the first effort made to provide them with chaplains of their own faith, we hope it may be a fortunate precedent. My companion is stationed at Monterey, and attends our soldiers in an adjacent part of the country.

With our small remittance, we unite our fervent prayers for the mitigation of the distress now afflicting your devoted people. May it please the Almighty to console and comfort them in the way best known to himself!

I commend myself and the donors to your holy sacrifices and prayers, and am, with great respect,

Your Grace's devoted friend and servant in Christ,

JOHN MCELROY, S. J.,
Chaplain, U. S. Army.

To His Grace
The Archbishop of Tuam,
Ireland.

II. FR. JOHN NOBILI TO FR. GOETZ.

The following letter may be of interest, in as much as it reveals some of those petty annoyances of a missionary's life, which, though seldom coming to light, are often more painful than the most arduous labors. The writer, Fr. John Nobili, was one of the first Jesuits in the Rocky Mountains, and, afterwards, founder of the California Mission and of Santa Clara College. It was written just forty years ago on the banks of the Fraser River, British Columbia, towards the end of the only missionary journey ever undertaken by a Jesuit through that country.

[1] A list of subscribers accompanies the letter. It embraces 36 names representing all classes. The subscriptions range from $2, to $200, and the grand total is $800, of which $500 was contributed by the first four on the list.

June 6, 1848.—*En route.*

Beloved Father in Christ,

P. X.

A courier is being sent out to Fort Shushwap, and I gladly seize this opportunity of writing, even though, on account of the shortness of the time, it be but a few lines, by which our mutual love may be increased, and your solitude, to some extent, lightened. For my own part, I find the greatest pleasure in reading over and over again the short letter you lately sent me, from which I learn that God has blessed us, *de rore cœli et pinguedine terræ.* Oh that he would take pity upon our poverty and the wretchedness of the Indians —to his own greater glory! He it is that has begun the work; may he also finish it! Let us wait on the Lord and be stout of heart! He will be a Father to us! Let us remember that no one hoping in the Lord, has ever been confounded. Nevertheless, I recommend you again and again to abstain from work as much as possible, and to have a prudent care of your health. Do not neglect the study of the language; for the peace of our residence depends mainly upon our being independent of the Canadians and the interpreters. Believe me; no good will ever come to us from those men. It vexes me, therefore, exceedingly that Jandron allows his time to slip away in eating and sleeping. Yet with regard to food I wish you, for the sake of our reputation, to be liberal towards him. Lafleur, I think, said to Mr. Tod: "Do not be surprised if Jandron should come back to you; for there is too much fasting with the fathers to suit him." Consequently, unless you are able to buy with tobacco an abundant supply of the fish that the Indians bring, give him from time to time a measure (*une pinte .... notre grand pot pour le lait*) of peas or of Indian corn. This will cause us no great loss, since there is good hope of reaping an abundant harvest from what we have sown. If, therefore, it should be necessary, devote to feeding him all the grain that I left in the house. Give him also, now and again, a little gunpowder and lead, if he should need them. Behold the consolation he desires! But as to the time he wastes in sleeping, let him look to it. When I return he shall render an account of his labor. Call him, therefore, to your chamber, and tell him sweetly, in my name, that he shall have, I trust, some one to help him in sawing out the beams and planks, but that I expect to find finished on my return everything that requires only the axe or manual labor; that is to say, everything that appertains to the foundations of the house, to the roof, and the windows, those things

only excepted that cannot be finished without some special tool. But whatever is required in preparation for the use of such a tool, he must have completed. Should he need the assistance of an Indian, let him hire *one*, and promise tobacco and lead, which I will pay when I return. Explain to him kindly but clearly my mind in this matter, and tell him this especially, that Vautrin, or another who will perhaps come to help him to saw the timber more quickly, shall do only this and nothing else whatever. For the rest of the work he alone shall be responsible.

If nothing happens, I expect to reach Fort Langley to-morrow, and on the 10th of July, I hope to embrace you, my beloved Father, and perhaps a coadjutor brother also (!!). Pray for me; I need it greatly. I begin to be weary above measure, by reason, not only of the difficulty of the journey, but also of anxiety of mind. Edward Montegni and some others will set out from Fort Shushwap in the beginning of July, or even earlier, to meet us and help us on our way. I entreat you, therefore, again and again, to take this opportunity to write and send me some news of Father Joset and of our residence. Address your letter thus: "To the Rev. Father Nobili, kind care of John Tod, Esq., to be immediately forwarded by Edward Montegni—*En route.*"

I am most eager to learn what Rev. Father Superior will write to us. A ship from London has reached Fort Langley, and I hope to receive letters from Very Rev. Father General. *Spera in Domino, dilectissime Pater, et fac bonitatem.* Do your best to offer the sacrifice of the Mass daily, and be mindful in it of the Indians, and of

Yours in the Lord,
JOHN NOBILI, S. J.

Revd. Fr. Goetz,
St. Joseph's Mission,
Falle d'Epinettes.

P. S. *Read Beats* (sic)—*Sont les betteraves.*—Have them sown, if you have not already done so. I am excessively fond of them.

OUR NEW SAINTS.

While our churches and colleges throughout the country were solemnizing the canonization of our new saints, Woodstock was having its triduum with all the seclusion and piety of a family celebration. It took place on the 5th, 6th and 7th of November, and was followed by a day of literary and other entertainment. The recreation hours of the three weeks preceding had been quietly given to it; bunting and drapery and emblem scrolls were made, and choir and orchestra carefully practised, while preacher and poet labored fervently at their several themes in praise of the saintly three. That all hands might join in twining garlands of laurel or evergreen and help complete the final decorations, "Vacat" was announced the Saturday previous, and by evening of that day, the main corridor was hung with gay festoons, the chapel adorned with fitting hangings, monograms, and other emblematic devices, and the refectory tastefully set off with garlands of laurel and rare conservatory plants, all placed before pictures of the saints or around some pious mottoes, chiefly texts of the sermons which were to be preached from its pulpit. The general zeal displayed in these decorations was but a prelude to the devotion manifested throughout the triduum.

On each of the three days, optional Communion was granted to all, and the Blessed Sacrament exposed from early morning until evening, when solemn Benediction was given. Rev. Fr. Meyer, Provincial of the Missouri Province, and Fr. Frieden, Rector of the college in Detroit, who had come to the consecration of Bishop Foley in Baltimore, visited us, Fr. Meyer remaining to say our community Mass, and adding by his presence to the pleasure and edification of his own scholastics and of the entire house. As announced in the programme that was printed in our last number, Rev. Fr. Provincial gave an exhortation on the evening of the third day, in which, in a plain but earnest way, he showed how union with God and detachment from self, the common elements of sanctity in our three newly canonized were virtues which, for difference of age and conditions, were also the source of the special growth in holiness of each. Naturally enough, similar thoughts were the burden of the panegyrics pronounced by scholastics each

day in the refectory. These were the most interesting features of the celebration. Addressed to hearers thoroughly at one with every thought and sentiment of the speaker, they did not fail to excite, in many instances, a visible emotion, which even the more mature of us cared not to conceal.

During Benediction each evening, the prayers *proper* were sung, and the choir, under Fr. Holaind's direction, carried out the musical programme given below. Classes were taught as usual, the circles only being omitted. On Thursday, the library, which had been gaily hung with festoon and bunting, was the scene of literary and musical exercises in honor of our three new patrons; at the close of which Fr. Meyer addressed a few earnest words to the scholastics.

The music at Benediction was as follows:—

Monday—Jesu, Fili Dei Vivi, Verdi; Lux Orta Est, De Doss, S. J.; Tantum Ergo, Palestrina.

Tuesday—Se Nascens, Berlioz; Iste Confessor, Fleming; Memorare, Hecht; Tantum Ergo, Verdussen.

Wednesday—O Salutaris, Mozart; Quis Ascendet, Lambillotte; Te Deum,—; Tantum Ergo, Gluck.

The celebration at the church of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the parish church of Woodstock, took the form of a five days' mission ending on Sunday, Dec. 9. The mission was conducted by FF. Brandi and Dooley. The services began each day with Mass at 5 o'clock, followed by an instruction; another instruction was given each evening, followed on alternate days either by the Way of the Cross or by the rosary. The day was closed by sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the last day, which was especially dedicated to the new saints, Fr. Rector sang the High Mass and Fr. Prendergast preached an eloquent sermon.

The triduum at the novitiate, Frederick, which began on Dec. 9, was similar to ours. In the parish church also the people joined in the celebration, and besides the three panegyrics in the novitiate, by the scholastics, three others were given in the church. In Baltimore, the triduum began on Sunday, Nov. 4, with solemn High Mass. Bp. Keane delivered the panegyric of St. Alphonsus, His Eminence the Cardinal that of St. John Berchmans, and Bp. Foley that of St. Peter Claver. Abp. Elder was present in the sanctuary each evening during the celebration. In Philadelphia, the

triduum began at St. Joseph's on Oct. 28; Fr. F. Ryan of Baltimore was the preacher. The celebration at St. John's, Fordham, was very grand. It began on Nov. 26; the panegyrics were preached by FF. J. F. X. O'Conor, Jas. A. Doonan and Peter Cassidy; and Rev. Fr. Provincial officiated at the solemn High Mass on the closing day. At St. Peter's, Jersey City, Mgr. Seton preached the panegyric of St. John Berchmans, and Mgr. De Concilio that of St. Peter Claver; Bp. Wigger pontificated at the solemn Vespers on the third day, Nov. 25. At St. Michael's, Buffalo, Bp. Ryan was present at the opening High Mass, on Nov. 11, and preached on St. John Berchmans on the third day. One of the features of the celebration here was the solemn procession of the relics of the saints after the High Mass on the opening day.

Three Sundays, Nov. 11, 18 and 25, were devoted to the celebration in San Francisco, Cal., a triduum in honor of each of the new saints preceding each Sunday. The ornaments for the decoration of the church were imported from Paris for the occasion. At San José the celebration was similar. In New Orleans, La., Abp. Janssens officiated at one of the Masses.

The celebration at St. Mary's, Montreal, is said to have been one of the grandest ever seen in that city of grand religious festivities. It began with a *séance* given by the students, on the evening of Nov. 8, at which Mgr. Isidore Clut, the acting bishop in the absence of Abp. Fabre, presided. Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of the Province, was also present. The triduum began next day in the Gesù. An Oblate father preached the panegyric of St. Alphonsus; a Redemptorist, Fr. Fievez, that of St. John Berchmans; and on Sunday, Fr. Plesses, a Dominican, delivered an eloquent panegyric on St. Peter Claver. An account of the celebration at Quebec, as also that at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., was given in the *Varia* of our previous number.

We have not been informed of the details of the celebrations in the other colleges and churches of the Society throughout the country, but these may be taken as samples of the manner in which the great event was solemnized everywhere. In several places miniature lives of the three saints were printed and distributed among the people as souvenirs of the occasion.

FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

(*Continued.*)

For two years after his departure, in 1850, from his permanent residence at Old Town, Fr. Bapst maintained the headquarters of his numerous missions at Eastport. He had but a meagre staff of assistants, two fathers and himself being called upon to care for the spiritual wants of nearly nine thousand souls, scattered over a territory fully two hundred square miles in extent. The number of missions that had to be visited amounted to thirty-three, and, at many of these, new churches had to be built and other necessary improvements made. Fr. Bapst's zeal caused him to multiply himself, as it were, and, during these two years, as well as during the subsequent six years that elapsed before the final withdrawal of the Society from Maine, his confidence in God never wavered, and his energy in cultivating the Lord's vineyard, ever characterized by a spiritual buoyancy, carried him victoriously over every difficulty.

Fr. Bapst was long desirous of obtaining a more central position than Eastport for the missionary headquarters. His gaze turned towards Portland and Bangor, and the latter became his final choice. This desire is made manifest by the perusal of a letter written to Rev. Fr. Jos. Aschwanden, who was the temporary successor of Rev. Fr. Ignatius Brocard, the Provincial of the Maryland Province, who had died at Georgetown while still in office, in March, 1852.

EASTPORT, April 23, 1852.

REV. FR. VICE-PROVINCIAL,
P. C.

In obedience to Your Reverence's order, I herewith submit an account of the state of the Maine Mission.

Our mission, as perhaps you already know, comprises thirty-three different stations, of which the largest ministers to the spiritual wants of hardly more than a thousand Catholics. In all, the number of Catholics confided to our care does not exceed nine thousand souls; and the territory over which they are scattered takes in the whole State of Maine, with the exception of Bangor, Portland, Whitefield, Augusta, and some stations connected with the two last-named missions.

On our first arrival in Maine, there were eight chapels at our different stations, most of them in an unfinished condition; these we have now brought to completion, while three others are under construction. Two others will have to be built in a short time, making thirteen in all. Every one of these churches is put up at the expense of the different congregations for whose spiritual good they are erected; and, what is better still, there is not a penny of debt on any of them; for we do not proceed more rapidly with their construction than our resources permit.

There is not the slightest doubt that our missions have effected a great good for religion in the State of Maine; for, previous to our coming, in most of our stations the practice of religion had been almost entirely abandoned, and a most lamentable ignorance prevailed everywhere among our people. During the three and a half years, however, that we have labored in this previously sterile field, we have been able to lead back nearly all the Catholics to practical allegiance to their faith; and though we have not been able to effect many conversions among the Protestants, we have succeeded in rendering the Catholic religion more popular with them, or, at least, in removing a great number of their prejudices.

Yet it must be confessed that these numerous missions will never be of any great importance until we are able to obtain a church and residence in some large city such as Bangor or Portland, which will serve as a centre for all these small stations. These scattered stations entail much hardship and fatigue, and produce but small results. Hence it is the opinion of all the laborers in the Maine Mission, that every effort should be made to effect a permanent residence in either Bangor or Portland.

As to our financial condition, up to the present date we have had no difficulty. Each station furnishes its quota, thus enabling us to assume a very honorable position in the eyes of the world; and this, too, notwithstanding our enormous travelling expenses.

Fr. Force has enjoyed and still continues to enjoy great popularity in Maine; there is no doubt that he has labored with great zeal since he has been with me, and has accomplished much good. Fr. Hippolyte De Neckere is an excellent religious; he is effecting wonderful results in our missions, and every day increases in favor with the people. The good he is doing cannot be calculated. As to Fr. Bapst, you know him; he is always the same; if he has undergone any change, it is for the worse. May God have pity on him!

For some time our relations with the parish priest of Bangor had not been very fraternal, but recently he has been inspired with more confidence in us; he is not however without some fear of us, as he apprehends an invasion of Bangor by our fathers. . . .

In union with your prayers and holy sacrifices,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Though Fr. Bapst's zealous efforts for the elevation of the Catholics, especially with reference to temperance, were fully appreciated by many of the educated Protestants, yet he had much to suffer from the contempt and covert oppo-

sition of that half-educated, fanatical class of Protestants, who, through hatred of everything foreign and Catholic, were then hastening to swell the rapidly extending ranks of the Know-Nothing party.

These rude fellows, it is true, stood in wholesome awe of the priest himself; yet they found vent for their spleen against him in the coarse, insulting remarks about him, with which they greeted the Catholic children who were at that time attending the public schools of the various towns to which Fr. Bapst's missionary labors called him at regular periods.

A little incident which happened about this time, though ridiculous in itself, as it presents Fr. Bapst in a very awkward plight, will serve to show how deep-seated was the hatred entertained against him by many of the lower class of Protestants, and how cat-like was the scrutiny to which they subjected every public act of the priest. Fr. Bapst, on one of his journeys, was obliged to put up at a public hostelry in one of the towns of Maine. Connected with the tavern were two hostlers, one a "son of the faithful isle," and the other a rude, uneducated American. While Fr. Bapst was taking some much needed refreshment, the Protestant hostler managed to occupy a sheltered corner near the dining-hall, whence he could satisfy his curiosity as to the peculiar process by which a priest was wont to consume his food. Hardly had Fr. Bapst begun his meal, when the curiosity of this man seemed to be suddenly satisfied, for he glided from his hidden vantage ground with noiseless step, and quickly made his way to the stable in quest of his fellow hostler. "That's the way your hypocritical priests do," he said, when he found the object of his search, "they make mighty stiff laws for you, and I guess beat you into keeping them, but they themselves don't care a row of buttons for them." "What's hurtin ye now?" inquired the imperturbable Irishman. "Why, there's that priest of yours eating a chicken on the sly, and it's Friday; he didn't think there was a pair eyes on him, he didn't, but there was all the same; I seen him, the hypocrite!" "You lie, you old heathen," roared the other, now thoroughly excited. "Well, go see for yourself," replied the grinning son of the Pine-tree State. The Irishman, without further ceremony, rushed into the dining-hall, fully persuaded that the Protestant hostler had been uttering one of the oft-repeated calumnies against Catholics. Close at his heels followed his informant. When Pat looked towards the place where Fr. Bapst was quietly eating, he cried out in a tone of mingled horror and dismay, "Fr. Bapst, it's Friday!" Whereupon Fr. Bapst,

who was just conveying to his mouth a choice bit of chicken, let his fork fall from his hand, and, turning pale at the situation into which his forgetfulness had led him, could only exclaim by way of explanation: "Indeed, in my missionary wanderings, I had altogether lost my reckoning of the days." Of course such a defence failed to receive any credence from the exultant Protestant.

One of Fr. Bapst's severest trials, while in Maine, was caused by the insufficient number of Jesuits for the work of the missions. This was owing as well to the vastness of the field that was committed to their zeal, as to the fewness of priests at that time in the Maryland Province. His anxiety was further increased by the fear of having the small number of priests already engaged in the Maine Mission diminished to two. The following letter written to Fr. Aschwanden makes evident the anxious forebodings to which his mind was then a prey.

EASTPORT, May 6, 1852.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

. . . . . Although Your Reverence's views relative to the mission of Maine are entirely different from those of the late Rev. Fr. Brocard, yet I will conform myself exactly to your instructions, and will strive to follow faithfully the new line of conduct that you mark out for me. Accordingly, I will make no arrangements for the establishment of a college in Maine, and will think no longer of introducing the Society into the north-eastern British provinces.

But in your last two letters to me, there is a point with reference to which I beg leave to submit some considerations to Your Reverence. In your first letter, you bid me keep up the missions we have in Maine and continue to increase their influence for good; and in the second letter, you make the announcement that in all probability you, or your successor, will leave only two fathers in Maine. Now, Reverend Father, permit me to tell you that the thing is impossible, that is to say, that if you leave only two fathers here it will be impossible for them to attend to the spiritual wants of such an immense mission, where six priests would scarcely be sufficient for the work to be done. These two poor fathers will spend themselves to no purpose, nay rather, will kill themselves with work, and this with no equivalent return; and being obliged to live always at a distance from each other, their lives will be filled with bitterness; and Fr. Eck's favorite saying, "Væ soli!" will be verified.

If then you cannot spare three fathers for this mission, there is no other way out of the difficulty save to abandon the mission, either altogether or at least in part. But neither the one nor the other plan of action can be adopted (at least for the present). I do not see how we can immediately break off all the engagements we have formed with our various congregations; I do not see how we can abandon the churches which we have commenced to build, and which are neither finished nor paid for;

and although it is the faithful that furnish the money for these buildings, yet it is certain that nothing is done without the priest. Finally, I do not see how we could desert nine thousand souls, and leave them entirely deprived of all spiritual succor, before the arrival at least of some secular priests to fill our places. To abandon our missions under the present circumstances would imprint an indelible stain on the fair name of our Society, which has been, up to the present time, blessed and venerated in Maine. Hence, at present, it would be morally impossible to abandon our mission entirely, and it would be no less difficult to abandon it even in part; for although *de jure* we might sever all connection with some of our stations, yet *de facto* none of us would have the hardihood or the inhumanity to allow those poor Catholics whom we have evangelized, to die without the sacraments, whenever they would send for us to assist them in their last moments; and especially as they would have no one to whom they could apply for aid, until such time, at least, as the number of secular priests in Maine receives a substantial increase.

Therefore, Reverend Father, all that I request of you is that you do not diminish our number until you have paid a visit to the mission of Maine and viewed the field of our labors with your own eyes, that you may be able to understand our position more perfectly.

Although there are some dangers to be encountered here, as indeed there are elsewhere, yet I can testify that, up to the present, God, in his infinite goodness, has preserved us from them; and I hope that the future will find us as exemplary as the past, if not more so. . . . .

Your very respectful and affectionate servant,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Soon after this another cause for anxiety arose. Though Fr. Bapst was by no means open to the accusation of being unduly attached to the mission of Maine, or of deriving therefrom any natural consolation—since it was at all times possible for him, during his stay in Maine, to exclaim with the aged Tobias, "We had indeed a poor life"—yet he was filled with such a burning zeal for the coming of God's kingdom into the hearts of all men, that anything threatening the success of this advent caused him unspeakable anguish. The following letter to Fr. Aschwanden gives us an insight into the source of this new anxiety with reference to the prosperity of his beloved mission, and shows us in how masterly and yet submissive a manner Fr. Bapst could defend from destruction the mission which had been, up to that time, such a powerful instrument in promoting God's glory.

EASTPORT, July 18, 1852.

REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL,
P. C.

It is now four weeks since I saw Your Reverence in Boston. I have therefore had time to reflect on what you said to me at that time, and in

order to free my conscience from all responsibility in the matter, I must beg leave to submit to Your Reverence the following considerations.

Your design, if I understood you aright, is to withdraw from the mission of Maine Fr. De Neckere, Fr. Force and Fr. Bapst, that is to say, all the present missionaries, at the same time, and to fill their places with three new fathers. Now, here are the difficulties which I foresee will attend this complete revolution in the entire *personnel* of the mission—difficulties which I beg Your Reverence to examine and weigh well.

First difficulty:—If all three of us leave at the same time, who will there be to introduce the three new fathers to our numerous congregations? There are thirty-three different stations, scattered over an area of two hundred square miles. How will the missionaries be guided to these different places, so far removed one from the other, if there is no one at hand already conversant with the various stations? Moreover, as their installation cannot conveniently take place on any other day than Sunday, weeks would be required to conduct them to each of these localities. To any one acquainted with the mission of Maine this first difficulty appears greater than to one not yet initiated in the mysteries of Maine missionary life.

Second difficulty:—If all three of us depart at the same time, who will bring to completion the various churches that we have commenced to build? Nothing can be done without the priest; and do not imagine, Reverend Father, that our Irish congregations are ready to give their confidence to the first priest that comes along. Fr. De Neckere, notwithstanding his great capacity, was not able to effect a continuation of the work on the churches at Old Town and Ellsworth, which the advent of winter had interrupted; so that I myself was obliged to make a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, in order to push on the work, and collect the necessary money. Now, what will these three new fathers do, with whom none of the people are acquainted, and who have no acquaintance with their new flock? It is more than likely that some grave difficulties will arise.

Third difficulty:—Maine is a state almost exclusively Protestant; but the Protestants, taken as a whole, are well disposed towards the Catholic religion; yet, to effect any good among them, it is important that the missionaries should be possessed of solid learning and no small degree of eloquence. If then you recall Fathers De Neckere and Force, it is probable that you will have none to replace them but foreigners, whose imperfect knowledge of English will render them very indifferent preachers. The contrast will be very keenly felt, and the people will be disappointed.

Fourth difficulty:—The mission of Maine is altogether unlike the other missions of the province, and has to be cared for in a manner peculiar to it alone. It is impossible to visit more than six times a year each of these thirty-three stations. During the few days that the priest is able to spend at each station, he has countless things to attend to; for, besides confessions, Communions, baptisms, marriages, and instructions to children and adults, he has to examine the condition of the Sunday schools, Temperance societies, sodalities, etc. Now the priest is the very soul of all these organizations. How then can the new fathers be initiated into this new system of mission and of retreat, if there is no one to guide them in the

beginning? What is more, the manner of travelling in Maine, where there are but few railroads or steamboats, is extremely laborious; besides this, there are two tribes of Indians, and a large number of Canadians, to whom English is almost an unknown tongue; how then, I pray, will these new fathers manage, if unacquainted with either French or English? How will they surmount all these obstacles? How will they reach their various congregations? How will they complete the unfinished churches which must not only be rendered fit for divine worship, but freed from the debt incurred in their construction? How will they be able to sustain the fatigue, the weariness, the loneliness, and the countless other difficulties incident upon a kind of mission to which they are surely not yet accustomed, especially if they have no one to initiate them? . . . . It is more than likely that, by reason of their inexperience, being unable to cope with all these difficulties, they will allow things to take their own course, and then, as a consequence, everything will languish, and the mission fall back into the pitiable state from which, with God's help, we have rescued it.

I am of the opinion, therefore, Reverend Father, that the simultaneous withdrawal of all the present missionaries, and the substitution in their place of three new fathers, would under present circumstances be altogether impracticable; for this would bring about the ruin of the mission and the foundation of the high hopes which four years of untold fatigue and incredible sacrifices had inspired.

In placing before Your Reverence all these difficulties, I have only tried to discharge what I conceive to be my duty and have no other end in view than to free my conscience from all responsibility in the matter. I now leave to your prudence to decide whatever you may think best for the interests of the missions. In my own regard, I have only to express my readiness for everything. I will never seek anything else than the will of God manifested to me by the voice of my superiors.

I am, in union with your prayers and holy sacrifices,

Your most devoted brother in our Lord,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Fr. Bapst's strong appeals were crowned with partial success. The number of the fathers in Maine was not decreased, nor was a total change effected in the *personnel* of the missionary staff. The only one withdrawn at this time was Fr. De Neckere, who left Maine in the beginning of August, 1852, to fill a vacancy in Gonzaga College, Washington. He was succeeded by Fr. Vigilante, who labored in Maine for a few years with unselfish zeal. Though Fr. Force was also removed to another sphere of action in the beginning of Sept., 1852, about two months after Fr. Bapst's last letter to the provincial, yet, that the change of both fathers was not effected at the same time, shows the impression made by Fr. Bapst's letters on the mind of Fr. Aschwanden.

Fr. Pacciarini was sent to replace Fr. Force. The amount of good this good father was able to effect, as well while on

this mission, as afterwards during his more than twenty years' residence in the lower counties of Maryland, is truly wonderful. He was never able to master the English tongue so as to make himself easily understood while preaching, and yet, such was his zeal, such his spirit of prayer, that Catholic and Protestant alike yielded to his influence, and, acknowledging the spirit of God that animated his every action, responded either by submission to the faith or by a heartfelt reverence and love. Hence we see that Fr. Bapst's representations to the provincial prevented at least his own removal, and thus saved the mission from the danger that threatened it. The churches to which Fr. Bapst refers as being under construction or repair, and which would present peculiar difficulties for all new-comers, are those of Calais, Trescott, Machaias, Ellsworth, Old Town, and Waterville.

Fr. Bapst, at length set at ease with reference to any intention on the part of superiors to diminish the working force in the Maine Mission, does not cease to urge the provincial to increase the missionary staff by one father at least. The argument that he presents in favor of this measure is at the same time invincible and worthy of a true son of St. Ignatius. The following was the first English letter written by Fr. Bapst to his provincial, all the previous letters being written in French.[1]

EASTPORT, Sept. 12, 1852.

REV. AND DEAR FR. PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

When your letter reached Eastport I was absent on the western mission, left alone by the removal of Fr. De Neckere. I came home yesterday only. For that reason I could not write Your Reverence sooner.

Since Your Reverence is determined not to give up these Maine missions, but on the contrary to keep and provide them conveniently, I cannot help feeling and expressing a heartfelt gratitude, not on my own account only (for I confess that, notwithstanding the toils of this our mission, still my heart, which has suffered so much for it, is with it), but principally on account of the mission itself, which is more important than some imagine (as I shall show to Your Reverence on another occasion), and also on account of our Society, that would have been blamed had she left so suddenly these missions, accepted just now and commenced with so much trouble and so many difficulties. Since I know that I am not to be removed, I feel a comfort that I have not felt since the death of Rev. Fr. Brocard; and I have twice more courage and cheerfulness to work for the salvation of those thousands of souls committed to our care; for

[1] The reason is evidently because Fr. Stonestreet, an American, was provincial at this time, having been appointed about a month before the date of this letter, Aug. 15, 1852.

I see that the vine that we have planted and cultivated so far, with so much pain and anxiety, is not to be given up to destruction. May the Almighty bless Your Reverence for it!

But now, as I have said in my last letter, and as Your Reverence has understood it, it is necessary that we should be four missionaries at least in Maine; namely, two in Eastport for the eastern missions, and two in Ellsworth for the western portion. I wish Your Reverence had a map of Maine to understand what I want to say. Eastport and Ellsworth, one hundred miles distant from each other, are two centres. To Eastport belong Louis Island, Calais, Robinston, Pembroke, Pleasant Point, Labec, Trescott and Machaias; to Ellsworth belong Cherryfield, Benedicta, Old Town, Frankfort, Bucksport, Belfast, Rockland and Thomaston on the Penobscot, and Waterville with Skowhegan on the Kennebec. From Eastport it is impossible to attend those western missions. It is necessary, and it was the expressed condition of the bishop, that one of us should always be in Ellsworth to attend those missions. But if we are only three, as was the case last year, the poor fellow who is alone in Ellsworth is left in the most miserable condition; he is overwhelmed by excessive occupations; and, being surrounded by dangers and difficulties of every description, he has no counsellor to advise him in his perplexities, no brother to share his labors in his sickness, and no priest to go to confession to, except the priest of Bangor who is not very accessible. Those rules of our Constitutions which provide that none of our fathers should be left without a companion, I understand now how wise they are. I am not personally acquainted with Your Reverence, but your letter has proved to me that Your Reverence has a paternal heart; therefore, with the confidence and simplicity of a child, I come to Your Reverence to beg that favor, so conformable to our Constitutions, that we may not be left alone, but may always be two and two, for the comfort of our life, the security of our conscience, and the greatest advantage of the faithful committed to our care. To know how just and how reasonable is my demand, I wish Your Reverence would ask Fr. De Neckere about the matter, for he, by a personal experience, is acquainted with all the wants and all the circumstances of our mission.

But the fourth man that Your Reverence would send us, ought to be, if possible, a good preacher, and speak good English. Fr. Vigilante speaks English imperfectly as yet; Fr. Pacciarini, being also a foreigner, is not a great orator in English; Fr. Bapst is the worst of all. After FF. De Neckere and Force, the contrast would be too sensible. But above all, this fourth missionary must be a virtuous man. Then, if Your Reverence will comply with my petition, as your letter gives me a right to hope, Your Reverence will never repent of having done so much for this rising mission of Maine. This is my firm belief. . . . .

In union with your prayers,

I am, Reverend and dear Fr. Provincial,

Your most humble servant in Christ,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Such is the first official letter written by Fr. Bapst in English, and when it is remembered that he was at the time

but little over four years in the country, that during this period he was so preoccupied with his multifarious duties as to have little or no time for a thorough study of the language, and that he had at the same time to acquire the Indian tongue, the letter will appear a marvel of good English diction, worthy of many a native "to the manor born."

Less than three months after this, Fr. Bapst writes again to the provincial to inform him of the arrival of a fourth father, an addition to the staff of missionaries which he had so long been urging. He was thus enabled to carry out his long cherished plan of forming two centres for the various stations; one at Ellsworth, where, from this time, he himself takes up his residence with Fr. Vigilante, and the other at Eastport, with Fr. Pacciarini as superior and Fr. Kennedy as *operarius*. This letter affords some idea of Fr. Bapst's ability as a financier, and gives proof that resources are never wanting to the man of God in carrying on the work of his Master.

BANGOR, Dec. 9, 1852.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

Fr. Kennedy is come at last. He shall be in Eastport with Fr. Pacciarini for a couple of months, and then come down to Ellsworth for variety's sake. For the present we are busily engaged in giving the jubilee. The weather is exceedingly good for the season; no snow yet, and no fire in the rooms, at least during the day.

The arrival of Fr. Kennedy gives me the chance to realize the plan which was so long in contemplation, namely, to keep two houses, one in Eastport and one in Ellsworth. Now if God continue to give us his blessing, I hope that we shall do something for his glory in the wild State of Maine, without being so much exposed as we were for years past.

With regard to the churches that are building, Your Reverence need not be uneasy about them. Most of them are about to be completed, and, what is better, to be paid for. I have not the least debt so far, and I have some money for emergencies. The system that I have adopted is to make no contract before the money is collected, or at least subscribed, and I never deviate from that rule; consequently, it is impossible for me to get into any difficulty; although I must confess that, since Fr. Force and Fr. De Neckere left here, I must rely on myself for the money. Fr. Pacciarini is very charitable, but very indifferent about getting money to carry on God's work. I hope that Fr. Kennedy, being an American, will do better in this regard. I shall observe strictly the rule given by Your Reverence about exacting an account of the receipts and the expenses every month.

To day I am going to Old Town, next week I shall be in Waterville, and the week after in Thomaston for the jubilee. The letters that Your

Reverence may write to me should be directed to Bangor until New Year's day.

Very respectfully yours in Christ,
JOHN BAPST, S. J.

P. S. For the time being any letter that Your Reverence may send me should be directed to Bangor, Me. Care of Rev. T. O'Sullivan.

From the preceding letter we can easily see that, while Fr. Bapst was possessed of the simplicity of the dove, he was also blessed, in an apostolic degree, with the prudence of the serpent. The secret of his financial success must, however, be traced to a deeper source than mere prudence of mind; it sprang from a more unwavering cause; namely, from his practical love of religious poverty. Through his exercise of this virtue, he was enabled to cut off all unnecessary outlay and to husband his resources, not as an actual possessor, but as a faithful administrator, ready at any moment to render a strict account; and while generous to all his subjects, amply providing for all their wants, he was ever most rigid towards himself, even in regard to necessaries.

An amusing incident, in which Fr. Bapst was one of the chief actors, happened about this time, and displays at once his admirable charity and his thorough detachment from all superfluities in dress. One Sunday morning, after he had finished his first Mass, at which he had preached with his usual earnestness, he retired to his room to change his shirt, the change being necessitated after every sermon by the vehemence of his action while preaching. Arrayed at length in dry linen, he handed over the discarded garment to his housekeeper, who hung it on a line in the yard, that it might be in readiness for use at the end of his second sermon. As he was proceeding to the church, he met at the gate a forlorn and hungry wayfarer with whom he returned to the house in quest of some breakfast. Having drawn with unsparing hand upon the stores of the housekeeper, he left the contented tramp at his pleasing work of destruction, bidding him help himself without stint to all the good things he saw before him. The tramp obeyed literally; and, on his departure, seeing a good thing in Fr. Bapst's shirt that hung in the yard, helped himself to that. When Fr. Bapst returned to the house after his sermon, and called for the only other shirt that he had, it was sought for by the housekeeper in vain.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW CHURCH OF THE GESÙ, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The congregation of the Gesù in Philadelphia have at last gone out of the little, undecorated building that had grown so dingy from its twenty years' usage, and have entered what they proudly and justly claim to be one of the grandest temples of God in the United States.

The echo of the chimes of Father Villiger's golden jubilee had not yet died away when active preparations were made to open the new church permanently. The builders worked on extra time, and, during the last week, hung the interior with electric lights, and toiled every night with hammer and trowel till ten o'clock. They had received orders that their scaffolding must come down from nave, transept, and apse, by Saturday night, whatever the stage of their progress, and down it came; but with it their work along those lines was finished. Only in the eight side-chapels, and in the galleries above, were the scaffolds allowed to remain.

The day of the dedication, December 2, was in many ways like the day of the golden jubilee. The weather was clear, fresh, and lovely; the residence was crowded with visiting priests from the city, and from the length and breadth of the province; while the streets outside were rapidly filling with an eager but patient people. Before half-past ten no one was admitted to the church except the pew-holders and their friends; who, we are happy to say, numbered about twelve hundred. This had to be done as a matter of prudence; for the procession could never have made its way along the aisles of the church, spacious as they are, if the throng in waiting had been admitted. No admission fee, however, was charged—a compliment the Reverend Pastor wished to pay his flock for the handsome manner in which they had helped him to build this temple to the glory of God.

About eleven o'clock, the procession formed in the sacristy, which looks out on the eastern side of the apse. This room, we may remark in passing, though at present quite large and commodious, is small in comparison with the generous proportions it will assume in time. It will extend back as far as the corridor of the proposed college building

on Thompson street, and, sweeping round to Eighteenth street, will enclose the sanctuary something like a crescent, being thus of itself as large as a fair-sized church. On leaving the sacristy, the procession moved over the truly vast area of the sanctuary, out through the central gate, and down the middle aisle to the door of the church. A dozen or more sparrows kept flying in and out under the arches of the galleries, chirping prettily all the while. Some forty altar boys and fifty clergy made up the procession, at the end of which walked His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, with his assistant priest and deacons of honor. All the ceremonies were under the direction of Father William H. Carroll, whom every one congratulated on the grace and fidelity with which the complicated movements were executed.

Passing out of the church, the procession moved down Stiles street, where the great crowd hemmed them in pretty closely, to the door of the residence. They were obliged to pass through the residence to permit the sprinkling of the outside walls of the church, which here are one with the inside walls of the residence. A complete circuit of the church was then made, and the procession re-entered the church by the main door. At this point, the special male choir of eighty-five young men and boys, whom Father Buckley had trained for the occasion, burst out with the song of the litanies. They were stationed in the organ loft, a dizzy height, and at first their voices struck upon the ear like the distant warbling of birds; but only for a moment, after which they swelled out charmingly and filled the church.

After the blessing of the walls, the procession withdrew to the sanctuary for the concluding services of the dedication, and the crowd outside were admitted to the church. The noise of their entrance, though in perfect order, was like the roar of the sea. They poured in, filling the pews, the aisles, and the side-chapels, till their number must have been more than three thousand. For some time they gazed around, lost in admiration. No one who has not seen the church can form an idea of the sense of actual awe which comes over the visitor as he gazes for the first time down the long, broad church, the sight of its beauty unobstructed by pillars, except where they cluster against the walls of the transepts or side-chapels.

When the dedication ceremonies had been concluded, the archbishop was escorted to the temporary throne erected for him on the gospel side of the sanctuary, and the solemn High Mass was begun. Very Rev. P. A. Stanton, of the Augustinians, was the celebrant, and was assisted by Father

C. Jones, of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., as deacon, and Father John B. Nagle, of St. Joseph's, Troy, N. Y., as subdeacon. "The choir was the strongest and the music perhaps the finest and most impressive ever heard in this city. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was sung by a chorus of one hundred and sixty voices, with both organ and orchestra accompaniment. Before the sermon, Verdi's *Veni Creator* was given, and, at the Offertory, Zingarelli's *Laudate*, as a tenor solo. The singing by Father Buckley's choir of male voices attracted universal approval and admiration. In the mixed choir were the best singers from nearly all the Catholic church choirs in the city."

Father Augustus Langcake, the well-known missionary, was the preacher of the occasion, and took as his text the words of Genesis: "This is the house of God and the gate of heaven."

The preacher began by pointing out the desire of David to build a temple in honor of the Most High; a desire the fulfilment of which was reserved for his son and successor. He next showed how the spirit of this great work was caught up by the Christian Church as soon as it emerged from the catacombs after the period of persecution, how it was especially manifested in those ages so erroneously called the Dark Ages, and how it has not been forgotten in this new world where so many magnificent temples have been raised within the last twenty years. He then passed to the explanation of the words of the text, showing how the church is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven. Next the preacher showed why God condescends to accept these temples, not on their own account but because they point to another temple—the inner temple in the heart, built up with solid Christian virtues. Finally, he congratulated pastor and people on the fulfilment of their hopes and united endeavors, on the presence of the archbishop on this occasion, and on the grand ceremony of the day.

At the end of the Mass, His Grace, the Archbishop, before bestowing his blessing, made a short but very eloquent address. After congratulating Father Villiger and the congregation on their magnificent temple, he spoke of the beauty of its title—The Holy Name of Jesus—and dwelt especially on the love of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and the infallibility of the Church with which Christ ever remains.

At the dinner, which followed shortly after the Mass, the tables being spread in the great parlor, Rev. Father Provincial took occasion to make a few remarks in which he told of the pride the province felt in its chain of noble edifices

all the way from Boston to Washington, and of its loyalty to the hierarchy, whom it was always eager to assist to its fullest ability in extending the kingdom of Christ.

Another even larger congregation filled the church in the evening, at solemn Vespers. Father Alphonse Coppens, who, after ten years of labor in the Gesù parish, is now stationed at St. Mary's in Boston, was the celebrant, and was accompanied by Father Clement Lancaster, of Leonardtown, Md., as deacon, and Father Cornelius Gillespie, of Georgetown, D. C., as subdeacon. Father Buckley's special male choir sang, without organ accompaniment, the *Alme Redemptor* of Lambillotte. The augmented choir sang Rosewig's Vespers, with the *Magnificat* of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. "A very able sermon on the fall and redemption of man and on the glory of the Holy Name of Jesus was preached by Father James A. Doonan, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, who, at the close of his eloquent discourse, after describing the life and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, adverted to the perpetuation of the Sacred Name in the splendid new temple in which his hearers were assembled, and warmly congratulated the pastor and his people on the glorious crowning of the noble work in which they had been engaged for the past nine years and more. The services closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, in connection with which Goch's *Tantum Ergo* was sung."

The interior of the church is two hundred and fifteen feet in length. Its vaulted and fretted ceiling bends over us from a height of one hundred feet, and boasts of a single span throughout, of seventy-six feet, pronounced by competent critics a triumph of architectural daring and strength. To secure the walls against the enormous pressure they must sustain—some of the iron girders of the roof weighing fifteen tons—they have been built ten feet thick. Nothing short of an earthquake could unsettle them. The nave is flanked by eight lofty chapels, twenty feet deep, four on either side, each destined to contain an altar, a confessional, and a Station of the Cross. Above them we behold cloistered galleries of the same depth, which are probably to be devoted to the use of the community and the students of the future college. The organ-loft, though hung at a great height, is still at least fifty feet from the ceiling. The pulpit, richly fashioned in wood, juts out from the wall just below the west transept beside the chapel of the Holy League, and is reached by a long narrow passage leading out from the sanctuary. In the east and west transept respectively,

which are twenty-three feet wide, stand the colossal altars of St. Francis Xavier and St. Ignatius. The life-size figure of the martyr St. Secundilla reposes beneath the one, and that of St. Urbanus beneath the other. Each is rendered peculiarly impressive by its massive brass candlesticks, its tall pillars, and its life-size painting of the saint. In a niche at the summit of St. Francis Xavier's altar, stands a statue of his patron, St. Francis of Assisi; while St. Ignatius' altar bears a statue of St. Ignatius himself.

The grand sanctuary is, of course, the most imposing portion of the church. A short distance within the railing, which bends round so as to enclose the transept altars, a flight of three steps leads to the main floor. This is forty-five feet in width by sixty in depth, a lavish allowance of room which admits of all the church ceremonies being carried out to perfection. A rich Wilton carpet, of a warm red color, relieved by interwoven black vine-leaves and branches, covers the floor, and the same pattern will afterwards be used for the side-chapels. The red makes a very restful contrast to the chaste white of walls and ceiling. The main altar is thirty feet wide at the base and rises to a height of sixty-seven feet. It is at present of wood, and cost some twelve thousand dollars; but is the same in design as it will be when of marble, when it will cost seventy-five thousand dollars. The whole altar is of a unique design and of singular solidity. Beneath the altar proper, we see the figure of "St. Eleutherius, Martyr, a boy." The tabernacle rises into a lofty dome; the upper half contains a revolving repository, in one side of which rests the crucifix, and in the other the massive ostensorium. Great brass candlesticks and candelabra flash in the sunlight. The centre of the reredos holds a picture of the Presentation, a copy of that which adorns the main altar of the Gesù in Rome. Above the picture stands a heroic-sized figure of our Savior. On either side of the reredos are sturdy pillars, one above another; while the summit is rounded off into an arch broken at the middle to give way to the cross. The gilded sanctuary lamp is a rare piece of intricate workmanship, and measures three feet in diameter. On the sides of the sanctuary, arched recesses open in, facing the body of the church, for the chapels of our Lady and St. Joseph. The pews of the church will accommodate twelve hundred persons; while about three thousand more could find standing room in the aisles and side-chapels. Though the general plan of the church is modelled on the Gesù in Rome, the main altar is vastly more majestic, and several of Ours who have been in

Rome do not hesitate to extend this praise to the whole church.

The exterior dimensions of the new church may be briefly given. The extreme length is two hundred and fifty-two feet and a half, and its extreme width one hundred and twenty-two feet. The point of the roof is one hundred and thirty-seven feet in height, and that of the central arch of the front gable, hollowed out to hold at some future time a statue of our Lord, reaches a height of one hundred and fifty-five feet. The towers which rise on either corner of the front of the building are each two hundred and sixteen feet high. The church is built in the Roman style of architecture, of pressed brick trimmed with white-painted iron. The appearance is, as a whole, odd and striking, but at the same time impresses the beholder with a sense of massive grandeur. Seen from the tower of the new City Hall, the highest structure in Philadelphia, it is the most striking figure in the whole city, rising like a veritable giant, head and shoulders above the vast area of buildings round about it.

Father Villiger came out to this part of the city twenty years ago with Father Ciampi, and found it a sparsely settled, rural place, where farmers were grazing their cattle, and where on his sick-calls he frequently had to scale the fences and chase the flocks of geese from his path. Here on the northern slope of Green Hill, where Seventeenth and Stiles streets were supposed to intersect, he purchased an ample square of land, and began the erection of a temporary chapel. Green-Spring Creek ran across one corner of the square and had to be first filled in. This done, the chapel was built on its site, the northern, eastern, and western sides of the square being reserved for the new college and church, which, even at so remote a date, Father Villiger had projected down to the smallest details. Many a head was shaken doubtfully at the project, and prophets of ill were not wanting to scout it as visionary. They asked their pastor when the new church would be opened; for he always told them that he designed the first chapel only as a prelude to a magnificent basilica. He answered them: "In twenty years," and on the 2nd of last December he had kept his promise to the very day.

ALASKA.

Extract of a letter from Fr. Robaut.

[1] Kosoriffsky, June 16, 1888.

Reverend Father,

P. C.

Since the tragical death of Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, I can scarcely determine myself to write anything at all to any one. Obedience alone forces me to do so; hence I will now give you a brief account of my station or district. It is nearly three hundred miles from Fr. Tosi, and five hundred miles from Fr. Ragaru, whose company I have enjoyed for a few days; for they hurried down to me, first Fr. Tosi, then Fr. Ragaru, on small miners' boats, intending to take the steamer from my place to Redoubt, which they did a few days ago. They decided that they both would go down to get news and that I should stay at my post to attend to the building which is about to be put up. I will be brief now, but I intend to write more next September.

When Fr. Tosi started last year for the other world (for Alaska, or the Yukon, is indeed another world), I was pretty sick from a felon on my thumb, which lasted very long; I was not able to say Mass for two whole months. I waited in St. Michael's for all the ships, to see if any one might be willing to take the bishop's body down; but as no one would do it, I buried it down there in a corner of the Russian graveyard *ad interim*, then started up to Anvik, about eight hundred miles from Redoubt (by the river), together with two Protestant ministers, who, having bought a good house, went to settle there, opening a little school, etc. I stopped there over a month, but could scarcely put my nose out of the house on account of the mosquitoes, which are so abundant that you might cut them in the atmosphere with a knife, as you would cut a piece of butter on a plate. There is no rest day or night. During my stay there, the Indians, who number about one hundred and fifty in that village, liked me pretty well; not so the ministers. When the steamer came up on her second trip, I decided to get aboard and go up to Nuklukayat, where I might have a chance to meet Fr. Tosi or some other father, and so get some news for action. I went up there in fact, and, to my

[1] *Kasarofski* is the spelling found in Cath. Directory.

great surprise and wonder, I welcomed FF. Tosi and Ragaru on the 1st of September. I had not expected them before the middle of October, or rather I doubted if they would reach Nuklukayat at all. I thought surely they would have to winter above at the mines. As soon as they arrived there we had a meeting together in which we decided to separate. Fr. Ragaru, who was very much exhausted, remained there, Fr. Tosi would go to Nulato, and I was to retrace my steps to Anvik; which plan we carried out.

I took along with me the brother and two boys of a Nuklukayat trader, who had been raised in Anvik, and who consequently knew that language well; but it was a terrible blunder of mine, they nearly cost me my life; and besides I have entirely lost my time, and lost, I might say, the Indians whom I had so easily gained before when I was alone. At Christmas I thought surely I should not see New Year's day; I told the brother to break up our boat for my coffin and to take me up to Nulato with sled and dogs as soon as the roads would be passable. I don't know what good soul prevented me from dying, for I was so glad to go and rejoin my most venerated and beloved companion and father. In less than a week I was, to my great astonishment, up and well, entirely out of danger. But, partly on account of my own incapacity, and almost wholly on account of my boys' stupidity and great meanness, my presence has been more hurtful to the Indians than my absence would have been. Besides, I was as poor and destitute of everything as a mouse, whilst the ministers were well provided; and to these Indians, the man who gives the most is the best. So, considering everything, I thought it was a good deal better to give up that place and come down fifty miles below, where I knew, from last year, that there was a larger village, with better Indians, and with a much better prospect than at Anvik. Therefore, as soon as I thought it prudent to travel, which was on the 23d of October, I started for Kosoriffsky, where I was received with open arms by the Indians, who had been urging me the whole winter to come down to them; nay, they themselves, when they heard that I would come, sent me three sleds with eighteen dogs to take me. Since that time I have been here with them and feel most happy.

There are here from two hundred to two hundred and fifty souls never moving from the village the whole year long, more peaceful and good than you would ever imagine. Twenty miles below, there is another village of about three hundred souls, many of whom are children; about twenty-five miles above, there is another village containing from

fifty to seventy persons; about four miles below this place, is the mouth of Chageluk River, on which we found five villages, one is pretty large; and fifty miles above, as I said before, is Anvik. Now all these villages are for me.

The Russian priest, who is a half-breed, or rather a pure Indian, as many think him to be, has moved heaven and earth to prevent me from settling here. He sent his deacon, came himself several times, threatened me and the Indians, and tried even by force to take away the pictures and medals I had given them; but all his efforts were vain and useless, no one would side with him, all told him to his face, at the end of a long speech he had made to them, that he had better shut up, pack up and go, that no one would listen to him. It is useless, of course, to add that he slandered me in every possible way and told all kinds of lies about me, telling them, for instance, that I was not a priest, that I would not stop with them, but would soon leave them as all the others had done before in Nulato and Nuklukayat, where several priests and two bishops, with several Protestant ministers had been, but no one had remained. All of this is very true about that place, and the Indians told us plainly, if we also should leave these missions, not to dare to come any more to them; and so all these missions would be lost forever and we would be laughed at by the people. The same Russian priest also tried to rebaptize a baby I had myself baptized, saying that my baptism was not good; but he could not succeed, the Indians took away the child and hid him. After this he sent me word to go down to the mouth of Chageluk River, where he was at the time with a few of my Indians, who were fishing there. Fr. Tosi was here when I got the news; I wrote down a few words in a most polite way begging him to accept my excuses for not being able to move from my place for the moment, but inviting him to come up himself to me, that he would be welcome at my house. After my short note Fr. Tosi wrote another one, but in a very different style (era proprio coi fiocchi); we sent it to him right away by the same Indian express; but cunning as he is, fearing probably I would really go down, he did not wait for me, but, as soon as the express was out of sight, he took his boat and sailed down to his mission as fast as he could, so that he did not get my letter at the time. Were I a poet or humorist, I might write a most beautiful romance about this Russian priest whose mission is a hundred and fifty miles below mine. He is a trader and nothing else; he baptizes all the people, sells them crosses for skins, and that's all his priestly work. His Indians, if you except the baptism he administers them, are

mere pagans; they don't know the very first elements of Christian religion, not even the Sign of the Cross; and he pretends that all these Indians as far up as Nulato belong to him and to the Russian Church, because he has baptized them. I might say a good deal more about this priest, but it is better to pass over the rest in silence. Should he be the first to write and publish anything against me, then I will come out.

When the roads are good I can reach in one day the farthest village, Anvik, where the Protestants are now, and Chageluk on the other side. All these Indians are not only willing, but most anxious to give me all their children if we open a school, and I think we could begin right away with a hundred children, if we could get a contract school with the American government. The sisters, who are ready to come at any time from Victoria, and who, I hope, are by this time at St. Michael's, are necessary for this enterprise, and to get rid of the Protestants above and even the Russians below. At two days' journey from here, there is a very large village of over three hundred Indians. If the Russians do not send a priest to them, another father could easily reside there. There would be very easy communication with the priest residing in Kosoriffsky, and around that village many others are to be found, who could easily be attended to by the same fathers. But the Russian archpriest from San Francisco told us last year he intended to send one of his priests to the said place, Kuskoquim River. We shall see. Down on the coast there are thousands and thousands of Indians, as good as nature could ever make them, who have never been visited by anybody. There is no other way of travelling here except either by water, in the summer, or with snow-shoes or sled and dogs, in winter. For my part I am not a lover of sled and dogs. I got enough of it last winter. Sometimes I would have drowned both dogs and sled, had it been in my power; but of course we must get used to it. We ought to have our own good teams and then we would be all right.

I say nothing now about the archbishop, as I intend to write again when I shall have heard news from below. Up to the present I have only the prayers and a little catechism made in this language. I had forgotten to say that all the fathers who are destined to Alaska should know something about medicine if they want to do good. As you already know, we have no communication at all with the rest of the world except once a year, towards the end of June or in the beginning of July, when the Fur Company steamers arrive at St. Michael's with their provisions for the Yukon. Since

I left the Rocky Mountains, I have not heard a word about either America or Europe, or any other place, except a few things that Fr. Tosi told me. I recommend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices.

Your servant in Christ,
A. Robaut, S. J.

Our address is: St. Michael's Post on the Yukon, Alaska Territory (North America), *via* San Francisco.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART
AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Rev. Fr. Provincial has recently addressed a circular to the province exhorting Ours to labor strenuously for the Holy League and its organ *The Messenger*. The account we subjoin will give some idea of what is being done by the Holy League, and will, we hope, incite all to help on the good work.

With the constant growth in size and wider circulation of the periodicals issued from the office of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and with the great and ever-increasing diffusion of the other publications of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, it has been found necessary to remove the editorial rooms and business offices to a more central part of the city of Philadelphia. For this purpose, an entire second floor has been providentially secured in the building next the well-known establishment of the *Daily Evening Telegraph*, and immediately adjoining the offices of McLaughlin Bros. Co., where the printing of the periodicals is now done, No. 114 South Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Three years ago, the *Messenger*, then entering on its majority—it was beginning its twenty-first year—took a new flight. Its aspirations have been fulfilled in a measure; and from eking out a bare subsistence it has come to a fair prospect of prosperity.

Its increasing circulation has been made use of to enlarge greatly the number and improve the style of its pages, so that with the coming year it will bear comparison with the better class of secular magazines of the same price. When it is remembered how large a circulation these enjoy, it will

be seen what sincere efforts are being made to render the work deserving of the support of the Catholic reading public.

The fact that the Society is willing to set apart a number of its men for the sole purpose of carrying on such a work is not without significance. It is now two hundred years since our Lord expressed his will that the Society should use its influence in starting up everywhere the devotion to his Sacred Heart. From the beginning, also, it had been a special aim of the Society to use the power of the press in bringing before the minds of men the true meaning, the motives and urgent claims, of Christ's religion. This has by no means been limited to theological works designed for the thoughtful and the studious alone. Flying leaves and pamphlets, touching on every point of Christian devotion and appealing to every class of reader, have been issued from the houses of the Society for more than three hundred years. It would be strange if, sooner or later, a religious order of this kind should not make use of the magazine, with its regular instalments of interest and edification, for the same purpose. The chain of *Messengers of the Sacred Heart* that now girdles the world will show what has been the blessing of God on this movement.

The interests of the *Messenger* are, of course, intimately bound up with those of the *Apostleship of Prayer* and the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, of which it is the organ. It is impossible for intelligent or lasting work to be done in either of these great devotions without some such representative of public information and direction. Much of the lamentable confusion that now exists in regard to both would have been avoided if this fact had been properly recognized. A good idea of what the *Messenger* has been doing herein for the last three years may be gathered from recent summaries in its mid-monthly *Pilgrim*. Seventy archbishops and bishops of the United States have given their approbation for its establishment in their respective dioceses, many of their letters containing gracious words of encouragement and their episcopal blessing on the work; 444 local centres have been aggregated up to November 1888; that is, the American Head Director has signed and sent to various parishes and communities that number of Diplomas of Aggregation, with an equal number of Local Directors' Diplomas, 888 in all. Of these, 8 were for ecclesiastical seminaries, 20 for colleges, 48 for other schools, 2 for sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, and 183 for convents. The 203 others were for parish churches, amongst which are numbered several cathedrals. The area covered represents 62 dioceses, in 39 states and territories.

The great majority of these centres have shown by their reports that the League is no idle work or mere "joining" society in their midst. They prove that just as the League is adapted to all places, so its practices may be taken up by all persons alike. Several bishops even personally direct its working in their own cathedrals.

Among the different religious orders and congregations of men, the League enjoys the labors, as local directors, of Augustinians, Basilians, Benedictines, Carmelites, Dominicans, Franciscans, Fathers of the Holy Cross, Jesuits, Lazarists, Fathers of Mary, Fathers of Mercy, Oblates, Passionists, Paulists, Redemptorists, Sanguinists, Fathers of the Sacred Heart, Servites, Sulpicians, Fathers of St. Viator. Also, the Christian Brothers, the Franciscan Brothers, the Brothers of Mary, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and the Xaverian Brothers are among the active promoters of the League.

The communities of religious women where local centres have been established include convents of the Carmelite Nuns, Sisters of St. Benedict, Sisters of St. Dominic, of St. Francis, the various Sisters of Charity (of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Augustin, St. Elizabeth, of the Blessed Virgin Mary), Franciscans of the Perpetual Adoration, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of the Holy Child Jesus, of the Holy Cross, of the Humility of Mary, of the Immaculate Heart, of St. Joseph, of St. Joseph of the Immaculate Conception, Loretto Sisters, Sisters of St. Mary, of Mercy, of Nazareth, of Notre Dame, of the Precious Blood, Presentation Sisters and Sisters of Providence, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Servite Sisters, Ursulines, Nuns of the Visitation, and others. Many of these communities, having their general superiors in this country, have granted to the Holy League a full participation in all their merits, prayers, and good works. They have thus swelled largely the list of religious orders and congregations which had already entered into this generous communication with our universal League.

The Promoters whose names have been recorded in the register at the American Head Centre, as having received the official Diploma and Indulgenced Cross, now number nearly 2000.

The monthly Rosary and Calendar Tickets are now issued for more than 13,000 Bands, that is, for over 200,000 associates of the League who practise its Second Degree, and are in full communion of its union of mutual prayer and good works.

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.—Sodalities seem to grow proportionately with the spread of the devotion to the

Sacred Heart as practised by the League. In many parishes the League has shown the necessity of a sodality for those who desire to form together a public association, making special profession of piety. Thus, where before neither League nor Sodality existed, the Sodality soon followed after the establishment of the League.

Our record shows that 248 sodalities of the Blessed Virgin have been erected and affiliated to the Roman *Prima Primaria*, thus gaining a title to its indulgences. None but those acquainted with the formalities required can appreciate the amount of work this number of affiliations has entailed.

The sodalities erected, exclusively for men, number 21; those for young men, 42; for boys, 20; for married women, 31; for young women, 62; for girls, 40. The remaining 32 were for persons of both sexes and all ages.

Bona Mors Association.—The work of transmitting applications to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus for diplomas of affiliation to the Roman Primary for the Bona Mors associations, is also done in the *Messenger* office. The formalities to be observed are similar to those for the Blessed Virgin's Sodality. Diplomas canonically erecting and affiliating the Bona Mors Association have been obtained for 11 churches. They entitle all persons, irrespective of age and sex, to be enrolled. The patron, as usual where there is question of a happy death, has always been St. Joseph.

ESTABLISHMENTS OF THE LEAGUE.

The fathers connected with the *Messenger* have been pretty busily employed during these years in founding the League, as the following items will show.

A Sunday is previously chosen for the purpose, and on that day the League is explained at all the Masses, at Sunday-school and sodality meetings, and, where possible, an evening sermon is given on the practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart by the Apostleship of Prayer of the League. The essential part of all—the starting and organizing of the lay promoters of the work—is completed during the day. The same occasion is often taken for side-foundations in communities and schools.

Fr. Dewey has thus established the League in person at St. Malachy's, the Assumption, the Sacred Heart, St. Elizabeth's, St. James', St. Philip's, St. Charles', St. Stephen's, Visitation, in the city of Philadelphia; St. Leo's, Tacony; St. Joachim's, at Frankford; St. Dominic's, Holmesburg; St. John's, Manayunk; St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, Jersey

City; Sacred Heart and St. Stephen's, New York; Gate of Heaven and St. Mary's, Boston; St. Mary's, Waltham; St. John's, Baltimore. He has also spoken at St. Francis', and St. Charles', Philadelphia; at St. John's College, Fordham; Georgetown College, Georgetown Convent, Woodstock College; Notre Dame Convent, Sacred Heart Convent, and Convent of Mercy, Philadelphia; St. Ignatius', and Carmelite Convent, Baltimore; Boston College, Good Shepherd Convent, Boston; and the Convent of Mercy, New York.

Fr. Brady personally established the League at Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, and the Convent of Mercy, Towanda, Pa.; St. Thomas', Ivy Mills; Nativity B. V. M., Media; St. Mary's, Catasauqua; St. Martin's, New Hope; Blessed Sacrament, Bally; St. Joseph's, Hanover; Sacred Heart, Conewago; St. Aloysius', New Oxford; Immaculate Heart, Paradise; St. Mary's, Lancaster; St. Mary's, Bordentown; St. Ambrose's, Schuylkill Haven; St. Joseph's, Summit Hill; St. Joseph's Convent, Chestnut Hill; Sacred Heart Convent, Eden Ha'l; St. Joseph's Convent, McSherrystown; Convent of Mercy, Bordentown; Sisters of Charity, Lancaster; St. Ann's Widows' Asylum, Phila.; St. Joachim's, Holmesburg (renewal). He has also spoken, at the *Reception of Promoters*, at St. Joachim's, Holmesburg; Sacred Heart Convent, Eden Hall; Sacred Heart Church, and St. James', Phila.; St. Thomas', Ivy Mills; Nativity B. V. M., Media; and, at the *Reception of Badges*, at St. Francis', Sacred Heart, St. Elizabeth's, Phila.; St. Joachim's, Frankford; and at St. Malachy's, Phila. at the unveiling of the statue of the Sacred Heart. All these places are in the State of Pennsylvania.

Fr. Buckley has established the League at Cathedral, N. Y.; Cathedral, Portland; Cathedral, Trenton; Immaculate Conception, Boston; St. Mary's, New Britain, Conn.; St. Thomas', Woodbury, Md.; St. Michael's, Phila. He has also spoken on the League at Holy Cross College, Worcester; Notre Dame Convent, Roxbury, Mass.; Good Shepherd, Boston; Cathedral school, N. Y.; St. John's, Manayunk, Pa.; and Notre Dame Convent, Govanstown, Md.

The register of the local League at the Gesù, in Philadelphia, Pa., shows a total membership of nearly 19,000 in that city. Of these, 12,279 belong to the 2nd Degree, or that entailing the daily recitation of a decade of the Rosary; while some 6195 belong to the 3rd Degree, or weekly or monthly Communion of Reparation. Of the latter, 1067 men and 5128 women make the monthly Communion, and 67 men and 597 women the weekly Communion. The Promoters, or those who start and direct Rosary Bands, number 520, the men numbering 74; two are colored women, and,

marvellous yet true! one is blind and another bedridden; fifteen have entered convents of eight different orders, and three have gone to the ecclesiastical seminary.

OBITUARY.

Fr. Joseph Tadini.

Father Tadini was born in Piedmont on March 19, in the year 1816. Little is known of his life before his entrance into the Society, except that he had embraced the career of a secular priest, and as such was received into the novitiate in 1853. During his noviceship, the cholera visited Italy, and Fr. Tadini showed great heroism in attending the sick and dying. Obliged by the severity of the laws against the Society to leave Italy, Fr. Tadini came to America, where, as he belonged to the province of Turin, he joined the mission of that province in California and the Rocky Mountains, and arrived in Santa Clara about the year 1857.

Having taught philosophy at Santa Clara for about a year, he was sent to the Rocky Mountains, where, for ten years, he labored in company with FF. Mengarini, Joset, Goetz, and others of the first companions of Fr. De Smet. He then returned to California, and taught philosophy in St. Ignatius' College till about the year 1878, when superiors transferred him from this office and allowed him to pass the evening of his days in the duties of the ministry.

On Monday, November 19, Fr. Tadini said Mass for the last time. He was, it is true, far from well, but there were no indications that the end was so near. On the evening of Wednesday the 21st, the doctor made his usual visit, but, finding his patient asleep, did not wish to disturb him. The following morning the infirmarian visited him at 5.30 and brought him a cup of black coffee that he had asked for. He drank it eagerly, and then lay down again. Suddenly he began to breathe heavily. His neighbor, Fr. Varsi, was called, and came just in time to give the last absolution.

Thus, on November 22, 1888, in the 73rd year of his age, Fr. Tadini passed away. Little remains to be said by way of panegyric. His soul was eminently a simple soul; his life, a hidden life. The number of penitents that mourn his loss proves, however, that it was not a useless life; and one had but to draw him into conversation to discover that his simplicity was the fruit of holiness. For several years he was in charge of the library of St. Ignatius' College, and, for the care and discretion he used in increasing it, he has earned the gratitude of the community. He was for a considerable time chaplain to St. Rose's Convent, and he used to prepare his sermons for the nuns with great diligence. He would never think of preaching unless his sermon had previously been corrected, as regards its diction, by a competent authority, and consequently he

became a very good English scholar. But, although he overcame the difficulties of style, he never thoroughly mastered the pronunciation, and so his labor was often thrown away. Fr. Tadini was a great student. He was continually in the library. His knowledge of the history of Europe, during the present century, was most extensive, and any efforts to draw it out of him were richly rewarded. His body lies in the burial place of the Society at Santa Clara.—R. I. P.

Fr. Peter Barceló.

(From the *Revista Catolica.*)

Fr. Peter Barceló, whose death we announced in our last number, was born in the State of Sonora, Mexico, on the first of August, 1838. When quite young, he entered our college at Santa Clara, Cal., where he won the reputation of a brilliant scholar. He entered the Society of Jesus on the 9th of Sept., 1861. After his course of philosophy, he spent some years in his *Alma Mater*, teaching mathematics and other sciences. Soon afterwards, he was sent to Woodstock to study theology, and was ordained priest in 1870. On his return to the college of Santa Clara, he was appointed professor of philosophy and higher mathematics. In 1877, he was sent as missionary to the Rocky Mountains, and he was allotted for the field of his apostolic labors the tribe of the Indians called Crow-feet, with whom he stayed until, his strength being exhausted, and his health broken down, he was called by his superior to Spokane Falls. There he did much for the good of souls, and there it was that a death precious in the sight of God crowned the apostolic labors and the eminent virtues of this worthy son of St. Ignatius.—R. I. P.

Mr. William F. McGinn.

Mr. Wm. F. McGinn died in St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Aug. 4, 1888. Although he had been quite sick for several weeks, most of the time unable to leave his room or even his bed, yet he had passed the crisis, and was thought by his physician to be recovering. His death therefore was an unlooked for event and a decided shock to all.

Mr. McGinn was born in Chicago, Aug. 11, 1862. After spending some time at a parochial school, he was sent to St. Ignatius' College. At first he entered the commercial course and went with ease and success through its classes. Suddenly he quit the commercial to begin the classical course, and applied himself with even greater earnestness to his studies. Always at the head of his classes, and distinguished by a winning gaiety, an unaffected piety and affability towards all, he was very popular with his fellow students as well as with his professors. In Sept. 1882, at the age of twenty, he was admitted to the novitiate of the Society at Florissant. As a novice he was marked by the same quiet yet winning and sterling qualities as at college, only in a much higher degree. In his second year of novice life he was made manuductor of the novices. In Sept. 1884, having taken his vows, he began his two years of study in the juniorate. In the second of these two years he met with an accident that occasioned

him three years of suffering and prepared his system for the disease that caused his death. From that time he began to be unwell and was obliged to lie down very often to get some relief. Yet his superior was loth to give to another the office whose duties he discharged so faithfully. He himself used to say that there was something broken inside. Though suffering severely and getting only occasional relief, he dragged out the year studying as well as he could.

He was then sent to Woodstock. There too he cloaked his suffering under a cheerful smile, and went bravely on. As he showed no exterior signs of illness, few if any among his companions knew how much he suffered. He became weak and wasted, and superiors feared he was falling into a decline. He studied faithfully when able to do so, and all that were intimate with him saw that under more favorable circumstances he would have made an exceptionally brilliant course.

Towards the end of April, 1888, he was called from Woodstock to Chicago to be near his father who was then dying. In a short time he was given something to attend to besides reading his philosophy.

Early every morning, and late every afternoon, he went from the college to the residence of the Sacred Heart to teach a class of lads who wished to enter the college the following September. He showed a readiness for work and a marked interest in his little class, most of whom persevered and were prepared for the Second Academic class. Thus far his residence in Chicago, and his native air seemed to be a boon to him. He was steadily improving, and hoped to do full work the following year. But about the middle of June he was suddenly confined to his bed with a long and tedious fever, which finally revealed itself as a form of typhoid, accompanied by inflammation of the bowels. After the crisis was past, hope was entertained of his speedy improvement and recovery; but his system had become so wasted that all recuperative power was gone. A change for the worse took place on the 2nd of August, an acute attack of peritonitis supervened, and on the afternoon of the 4th, whilst the prayers for the dying were being recited, he peacefully passed away.

Mr. McGinn was a thorough religious. He was faithful and exact in performing every duty. Above all, he had a universal kindness and charity. Of few men in or out of the Society can it be truly said, "Never was he known to offend." Yet this is literal truth with regard to Mr. McGinn. Quite as remarkable, though not so manifest, was his patience. He never complained. Others complained for him, sometimes warmly, but he always held his peace. He appreciated highly and remembered gratefully any little service no matter how slight. That he would have been, with life and health, an exceedingly valuable man in the Society, is the opinion of those competent to judge. But the will of his Master seems to have been, that his virtue should be perfected in suffering. *Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.*—R. I. P.

VARIA.

Alaska, *Abp. Seghers.*—As so much has been said in our Alaska letters about the sad death of Abp. Seghers of the diocese of Vancouver Island and of Alaska, it is fitting that the final interment also be recorded. It will be remembered that the archbishop was assassinated near Nulato on the Yukon, A. T., on Nov. 26, 1886. He was buried temporarily at Fort St. Michael on July 6, 1887, disinterred and taken aboard U. S. S. *Thetis* on Sept. 11, 1888, and on the 14th of last November his remains were received with solemn pomp at Victoria. The prompt action of the U. S. Consul at Victoria in securing orders from Washington for the transfer of the remains, and the respectful manner in which Captain Emory of the *Thetis* carried out these instructions will be gratefully remembered by Bp. Lemmens (the new bishop of Victoria) and the people of the diocese of Vancouver Island. As the remains left the *Thetis* for Victoria in one of the ship's cutters, the stars and stripes were placed at half-mast, and as the funeral procession of boats passed H. M. S. *Espeigle,* the British ensign was lowered to half-mast and a detachment of marines stood on the quarter-deck presenting arms. The bell on board the *Thetis* kept tolling mournfully all the while, and the flags on all the other steamers passed in the harbor were lowered. The funeral took place on the next day from the pro-cathedral. Abp. Gross of Portland, Oregon, celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass, and Bp. Brondel of Montana preached. The other prelates present were Bp. Lemmens of Vancouver Island, Bp. Junger of Vancouver, W. T., and Bp. Durieu of New Westminster, B. C.

Austria, *Innsbruck.*— Mr. Bechtel was ordained subdeacon on Nov. 24, deacon on Nov. 30, and priest on Dec. 2, at Feldkirch, by the Rt. Rev. John M. Zobl, Bishop of Evaria and Coadjutor to the bishop of Brixen. He celebrated his first Mass at the high altar of the university church on the feast of St. Francis Xavier. All the American scholastics and nearly all the American seminarians were present in the sanctuary. After Mass Fr. Bechtel gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament according to the Tyrolese rite. At 9 A. M. on the same day, the scholastics held an *academia* in honor of Fr. Bechtel, during which Mr. O'Connor read a Latin poem, Mr. Moynihan, one in French, Mr. Opitz, the poet of the Austrian Province, in German, and Mr. Gasson in English.—Fr. J. N. Mayr, Rector of our college at Mariaschein in Bohemia and former Rector of Innsbruck, has received the Order of Leo from the pope, on account of his earnest and successful endeavors to have the pope's jubilee fittingly celebrated in Austria.—In the seminary there are 157 students. Among these are one prince, four knights, two barons, one count, ten Benedictines, three Cistercians, five Premonstratensians, four Teutonic knights, and one member of the Order of St. John of God. In addition to these there are 134 seculars, representing 63 dioceses. The lectures are also attended by 32 Jesuits, 2 Franciscans, 2 Cistercians, 5 Premonstratensians, 3 Benedictines,

9 Servites and 67 seculars. — All the American scholastics have preached in the refectory, and the consequence has been that nearly every one desires to learn English. They are promised plenty of willing pupils next vacation.— The university catalogue for the present year contains, in the faculty of theology, the names of 14 Jesuits. Eight of these are *ordinary* professors, two are *extraordinary* professors, and four are *privat docenten.* Fr. Stentrup is the dean of the faculty. Professor Gustav Bickell, who lectures on Semitic languages, is the only secular priest in the faculty of theology.

Vienna.—The advent conferences in Vienna last year, for the educated gentlemen of the Austrian capital, were preached by Fr. Vincent Kolb, S. J. They were given in St. Peter's Church on Mondays and Thursdays at 7 P. M. The subject was "Christianity and the Mistakes of Modern Philosophy."—Fr. Stephen Raschner with four lay-brothers has gone to the Australian Mission.

Belgium, *Miracle of Fr. Beckx.*—A letter from Holland relates it as follows: A sick woman prayed to St. John Berchmans to cure her. He appeared to her and said: "Do not pray to me, but to this father," pointing to a venerable father standing by his side, "he will cure you." The sick woman prayed to the father without knowing him and was cured. She was shown pictures of our saints and asked whether she recognized him who had cured her. She did not. But when a photograph of Fr. Beckx was shown, she immediately exclaimed: "That is he! He has cured me!"—*Fr. Pfister.*

Actus publicus.—A Scholastic of Enghien, Francis Hendrichs, on July 25, 1888, gave a public act, in which he defended 121 theses *de universa philosophia.* His theses were dedicated to the bishop of Tournay.

Books.—The following reprints of works of Fr. Dirckinck are announced by the scholastics of Uclès as soon to appear: Horologium Spirituale Scholasticorum, S. J.; Horologium Excitatorium.

Père Mercier is preparing a life of P. de Plas. He was recently at Brest to collect information.

Father L. Li has written an explanation of the *Salve Regina* in Chinese, in 12mo, 54 pages.

Les Etudes had 4004 subscribers on Sept. 1.

J. Bucceroni, S. J., Commentarius in Constitutionem Benedicti XIV., Sacramentum Pœnitentiæ, Editio Altera.

Gesù Cristo Verbo Incarnato, Considerazioni, per Ruggero Freddi, S. J.

The 5th Edition of Fr. Lehmkuhl's Moral Theology is out.

Fr. Heinzle has published in neat pamphlet form his translation of Fr. Cathrein's papers on the Land Question. The pamphlet bears the title: "The Champions of Agrarian Socialism." The publisher is Peter Paul, Buffalo.

Sur La Tension Electrique, par le Père Joseph Delsaulx, S. J., Professeur au Collège de la Compagnie de Jésus à Louvain.

Fr. Hagen has begun a series of articles in the *Stimmen* on the progress of astronomy during the last decade.

Fr. Plenkers tells, in the *Stimmen,* the history of the conversion of Anne of Denmark, wife of King James I. Queen Anne was converted in Scotland by Father Abercromby of our Society. Fr. Plenkers holds that her apostasy, after she had become Queen of England, is not proved, though asserted by many Protestants.

Differential and Integral Calculus, by Rev. Joseph Bayma, S. J., Professor of

Mathematics at Santa Clara College; 250 pp., 12 mo, San Francisco, A. Waldteufel.

Fr. Palmieri is engaged in the work of publishing the manuscripts of Fr. Ballerini.

The Spiritual Works of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S. J. have been published in Spanish at Barcelona. They consist of three volumes 12mo, each volume about 800 pages.

Fr. Adolphus Petit, S. J. has just published at Brussels, "Sacerdos Rite Instructus piis exercitationibus menstruæ recollectionis," 12mo, 286 pp.

La Prédication (grands maîtres et grandes lois) par le R. P. Longhaye, S. J., 8vo.

Vie du Père F. X. Gautrelet, S. J., par le P. Burnichon, un volume in 18, orné d'un portrait.

Boston, Mass.—Fr. Fulton has already received $25,000 to aid him in carrying out a plan recently set before the Catholics of Boston. The plan includes an addition to the college, a Catholic high-school (for graduates of the parochial schools), and a building for the Young Men's Catholic Association. The total cost is estimated at $125,000 and the work is expected to begin in the spring. The sum mentioned above was contributed at one day's meetings, in response to an appeal from Fr. Fulton.

Brazil, *College of Itû.*— Fr. R. M. Galanti writes as follows: "In my last communication I told you something about the small-pox, which was then raging in this town. We thought we were already out of danger and free from fear, but our trial was just coming on. About the middle of September a servant fell sick and small-pox appeared. He was removed, but, perhaps, too late. A second and a third servant also fell, and soon a few boys were attacked. There was no other means of preventing further disaster than to close the college. Accordingly, in a few days, the students were sent home in the best manner possible under the circumstances. Still, in order to assist such as had to stand their examination for the university, Fr. Rector told them they could go to St. Paul, where a house and a few teachers would be provided for them by October 15. We had just arrived in St. Paul when, on the 13th, two fathers arrived from Europe. One of them (Fr. Collangeli) was so sick that he could not proceed to Itû, and on the 20th he died of yellow fever, which he had taken at Rio Janeiro. The other (Fr. Chiari), who seemed then very well, went to Itû, but he also died suddenly on the 19th, also of yellow fever. But our trials were not to stop here. After a few days a boy fell sick, and he also died within a week. Next, a fire broke out one night in the college, threatening total destruction. Happily it was soon put out, and the damage was not very great. Nor is that all. Fr. Nardi, who had spent the last fifteen years teaching music in the college with a rare zeal and diligence, being sent to Nova Friburgo in order to prepare for the feast at the end of the year, arrived there unwell, fell sick, and died within a few days. Still, as we are doing God's work, we have no reason to be discouraged. God will help us, no doubt. The college has lost very much in money, but nothing in its reputation; since all have approved and applauded the measures we have taken in these trying circumstances. We therefore have every reason to hope for a sufficient number of boys next year. The college will be opened again on the 20th of February, and in due time I shall tell you what our position will be. Meanwhile, several fathers are preaching missions in different parts of this province, and they are doing a marked deal of good.

The result of our examinations, both in St. Paul and in other places, has been splendid, and perhaps better than in any other year.— The college of Nova Friburgo is going on very well, although there too they had to fight this year with several diseases, chiefly with measles."

California.—Dr. Wall, father of Bernard Wall, S. J., who died last year during his noviceship, visited the novitiate at Los Gatos, where his old friend Fr. Mans is master of novices, and determined to erect there, in memory of his son, a chapel dedicated to our Lady of Lourdes. The building is to be commenced immediately.

Canada, *Letter from Fr. F. X. Renaud,* Jan. 29, 1889.—"There was a rumor afloat that the Holy Father had given one half of the *Biens des Jésuites* to the Laval University, and the other half to us. There is nothing official in this, but we are afraid that it may turn out true. In the same rumor it was said that St. Mary's College could give the degrees, with the exception of that of Doctor. The reason of the delay in the settlement is the following: The bill that passed at the Provincial Parliament of Quebec, allowing $400,000 to settle the Jesuits' claims, had to be ratified by the Federal Government. This ratification is given by the fact of the government not vetoing the bill during the year that follows its presentation to the Federal authorities. The year will expire next August. Before making the division of the $400,000, the Sovereign Pontiff wished to make sure that the bill would not be disallowed. Consequently, the Prime Minister of the Provincial Government inquired at Ottawa as to the intentions of the Federal authorities. These refused to answer. Lately, owing to what influence I could not say, the Federal cabinet informed Hon. H. Mercier that the Jesuit bill would not be vetoed. I think the solution will soon come now, and, if I mistake not, too soon for our sake. A little delay would be better for us. At all events, up to the time of the division, the interest at four per cent is accumulating for us.

There is some hope of resuming the long course at our scholasticate next year. The number of students in our college is 300."

China.—In the mission of Tche-li (Champagne) there are six fathers of the Society and five secular priests who are native Chinese. In the mission of Nankin (Paris) there are fifteen Chinese fathers who are Jesuits, and thirteen who are secular priests.

Colombia.—*Extracts from a letter of Fr. Caceres,* from the college of St. Bartholomew, Bogota, Sept. 29, 1888. . . . "I shall tell you mainly of the missions in which I have taken part. We set out from this place at the beginning of the present year in the direction of Santander, in the capital of which, Bucaramanga, a mission had been given the year previous with splendid results . . . . During the last eight months we have been overrunning almost the whole territory (Colombia) and have given about 20 missions in the principal cities. The following are especially worthy of mention : San Gil, El Socorro (the ancient capital of Colombia), Barichára, Piedecuesta, Giron, Lebrija, Rionegra, Arboledas, Salazar. It was the old story : the harvest was plentiful but the laborers few. The bishop of Pamplona accompanied us through his entire diocese. To secure the good we had done, we established the Apostleship of Prayer for all classes ; the Children of Mary for girls, and *Hermanos de San Luis* for the boys. These societies were organized with

the approval and encouragement of the Curés. Mission crosses were set up in prominent positions, both as a remembrance of the mission and as an ever present object of veneration. Our welcomes and our leave-takings were things not soon to be forgotten . . . According to the *concordat* lately established between the Holy See and Colombia, the government is to give $100,000 annually, for the maintenance of divine service, and for the establishment and support of seminaries, missions, etc. . . . The League of the Sacred Heart is taking a strong hold in the republic."

N. B. Fr. Cáceres, judging from a few words in his letter, is trying to introduce base-ball and some other American (i.e. U. States) sports to the boys of Bogota.

The Academy of Colombia held at Santa Fé de Bogota an extraordinary meeting in honor of St. Peter Claver. The archbishop, the minister of state, and a great number of persons of influence were present. The president of the republic accepted the honorary presidency, and a number of essays in honor of the saint were read.—The oldest man in the world is Michael Solis, born in 1708 and therefore 180 years old. He lives in the republic of San Salvador.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Curiosities of Literature, *Le P. Grou chez M. Cousin.*—Fr. de Bonniot in the December number of the *Etudes* has an interesting article entitled *Le P. Grou chez M. Cousin.* The famous Victor Cousin is the reputed author of a translation of Plato for which he received great praise. Fr. de Bonniot gives an ocular demonstration that Cousin's translation of the dialogues is neither more nor less than a copy of Fr. Grou's translation. *Sic vos non vobis* . . . . Fr. Jean Nicolas Grou, S. J., died Dec. 13, 1803.

Fr. Claude François Milliet de Challes.—The following item comes from the novitiate at Frederick: We have in our library a translation of Euclid's Elements made into French by one of Ours and done over into English by one Reeve Williams. It is dedicated to Samuel Pepys. Considering the latter's position in literature and his some-time greatness in matters of state in England, and the fact that the book is the *first* presentation of Euclid in English, it may be worth recording that it was owing to one of Ours that the thing was possible. An abridgment of the title page reads, "The Elements of Euclid, explained and demonstrated in a new and easy method, by Claude François Milliet de Challes, a Jesuit. Done out of French by Reeve Williams, Philomath. London: printed for A. Lea, Globe-maker, at the Atlas and Hercules in Cheap-side, near Friday street, 1703." In the dedication to the "Honourable Samuel Pepys, Esq., Principal Officer of the Navy, Secretary of the Admiralty and President of the Royal Society," the translator refers to the author as "the learned de Challes," and in the translator's preface occurs the line, "our author de Challes who is well known to the Learned of this Age by his several excellent Mathematical Tracts." This preface is signed by Reeve Williams, "From my School in the Virginia Coffee-House in St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill."

Denver, Col., *College of the Sacred Heart.*—We learn from *The Highlander,* the college monthly whose first number came out in December, that this new college now numbers 135 students. Fr. Tisdall of our province is now stopping at the college and is warmly welcomed in the columns of the college paper. We find there also an account of the celebration in honor of the canonization of the Jesuit saints. We regret not having received it sooner. The celebration took place on Oct. 28, 29, 30. Bishops Macheboeuf and Matz

celebrated pontifical High Mass during the triduum; the former on Sunday and Monday, the latter on Tuesday. The celebration closed with solemn Benediction given by Rev. Fr. Marra.—Fr. Damen recently paid a visit to the college. Fr. Colle has left for Las Vegas.—The corner-stone of Fr. Guida's school in the Sacred Heart parish was laid on Thanksgiving day. — Fr. Morrison is one of the assistants in this parish.

Ecuador.—The last congress determined to ask the Holy Father to divide the Indian missions of Ecuador into four sections, three of which should depend on the Propaganda. One will be entrusted to the Dominicans who are already there and who are going to introduce Dominican sisters from France. Another will be given to the Salesian fathers of Don Bosco, who have resided at Quito for the past year. The Franciscans who have charge of a neighboring mission in Peru will have care of the third division. The Society will keep the part where our fathers are at present. They have been compelled on account of want of missionaries to give up the old reductions and to retire to the territory they now occupy. Rev. Father Tovia, Apostolic Vicar of Napo, is in Europe procuring subjects from the Apostolic Schools, and this is the sole hope of the mission. The new president shows himself a *liberal* Catholic, which does not promise well for the future. Fr. Muñoz gave the two retreats to the diocesan clergy, who were much pleased. In preceding years a considerable time of the retreat was spent in attacking Probabilism and St. Ignatius' method of prayer.—*Fr. Pfister.*

France, *Our Colleges.*—The number of students in our colleges in France is ever increasing. At Rue des Postes, Paris (the scientific school), every place is occupied and many have to be refused. There are now four divisions in this school, the first for those preparing for the Polytechnic, the second and third for candidates for St. Cyr, the government military school, the fourth for the lower classes.—A new building was erected last year and is now occupied by the fourth division. Père Joubert has left the college where he had taught the higher mathematics for thirty-four years. He has gone to Angers as professor of higher mathematics. Père d'Esclaibes takes his place at Rue des Postes. The students of this college examined for admission to St. Cyr this year met with the greatest success, 157 being admitted. This number surpasses by far that of any other college. Furious articles appeared in the Radical journals against the college.—Vaugirard opened with 540 students, Canterbury with a small increase, Vannes with 374, of which number 230 are boarders.—Père Aubier, formerly of the New York and Canada Mission, was last year at the Apostolic School (Mungret College, Limerick, Ireland), teaching French. He returned in Sept. to his old post at Brest.

Lille.—The two fathers of the province of Champagne who had been sent to the Trappist monastery near Lille, one as master of novices, the other as professor of theology, were recalled after two years. Their provincial had given them to the superior general of the Trappists only on condition that they were to train the novices and scholastics of the whole order. For that purpose one novitiate and scholasticate was to be established for all. But the general chapter refused to give its assent when the condition was proposed by the Rev. Fr. Abbot. The latter, fully convinced of the necessity of such a measure, went to Rome and obtained from the Holy Father a decision binding all the Trappists to have one common novitiate and scholasticate in France. As the headquarters of the abbot are at Sept-Fonds, it is proper that the training house also should be there. Hence the work was withdrawn

from the fathers of Champagne and handed over to the province of Lyons. Our fathers at Lille have purchased a large lot near the city, on which to build a large house for spiritual retreats. The structure is intended to be quite monastical, with cloisters and wide dormitories accommodated for *patronages* and sodalities of workmen. The edifice will be begun next spring.

Reims.—Fr. Charles Lacouture delivered a series of conferences which were a great success. For the first course, at the Circus, the cards of invitation were signed by several Radicals, Free-Thinkers, and Protestants. A Radical paper, *L'Indépendant Rémois*, invited its readers to the Circus, while a Catholic paper, *La Croix de Reims*, complained that it had got no notice of the matter. After the first conference the papers changed about. The *Indépendant* was incensed for having been deceived, the *Croix* exhorted its readers to attend the conferences. The raging of the former proved powerless to check the excitement, and Free Thinkers, Protestants, and Radicals attended not only the lectures at the Circus but also those at the Cathedral, where more than 3000 men (ladies being excluded) were counted.

Father de Plas.—Fr. de Plas was born in 1809 and died April 19, 1888, at the age of 79. At the age of 15 he entered the naval school at Angoulême. When raised to the grade of post-captain, he had expressed the desire of consecrating the rest of his life to the service of God in the Society of Jesus. As, however, the superiors whom he consulted represented to him that he was doing more good in the world by his example and by the practice of the virtues to which he wished to bind himself by vow, he humbly submitted to their judgment. But when, in 1869, his age entitled him to be placed on the retired list, he hastened to the Jesuit fathers and said to them: "Now that I am no longer anything, you cannot refuse me." He was received and ordained priest after a few years of study and sent to Brest where he spent his remaining years laboring among the sailors whom he loved so well. "My career," he was once heard to say, "has been a happy and successful one, and I could have been an admiral; but I have known happiness, true happiness, only since my entrance into the Society of Jesus." His funeral is thus described in *L'Océan* of Brest, April 23, 1888: "Saturday at 9.30 o'clock, at the church of St. Louis, were celebrated the obsequies of Rev. Fr. de Plas, Priest of the Society of Jesus, Post-Captain and Commander of the Legion of Honor. On the coffin were the stole of the priest, the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor and that of the Order of St. Sulpice. The vice-admiral, who is also maritime prefect and commander-in-chief, assisted at the funeral service. In the procession were the rear-admiral major general of the Navy, the rear-admiral major of the Fleet, most of the superior and lower officers of the Army and Navy, and deputations from all the religious communities of our city. At the grave, when the coffin was about to be sprinkled with holy water, Rear-Admiral de Caverville, Major of the Fleet, advanced and in a few heartfelt words, which drew tears from his listeners, bade a last farewell to his old brother in arms, the ex-brigade major of the Navy who, after a brilliant career, judging that his duty was not yet fulfilled, passed from the ranks of his country's army to the company of the valiant hero of Pampeluna."

Frederick.—The catechism class for the Catholic children at the Maryland School for the Deaf in this city is giving great satisfaction. Two of the juniors have charge of it and give them religious instructions by means of the sign-language every week, on Sunday to the boys, and on Thursday to the girls. They have twenty children in their class, nearly all of whom are

greatly in earnest and correspond to the efforts which their teachers are making for them. The authorities at the school are extremely obliging, and the children have no obstacle put in their way in the practice of their religious duties. They attend Mass regularly and approach the sacraments at stated times. On a recent visit to Frederick, Card. Gibbons confirmed seven of the deaf-mutes. His Eminence, accompanied by two of the fathers from the novitiate and by the catechists, visited the school and was warmly received by the principal, Mr. Ely. The most friendly relations exist between the school and us, which it is our desire to foster in every way. The work at the school was begun nearly eight years ago. It has been conducted by the juniors and novices, and since that time nearly forty Catholic deaf-mutes have been instructed in the truths of their holy faith, and most of them, as far as we have been able to ascertain, are now leading the lives of good Catholics.

Georgetown College.—The work of preparation for the coming centennial is progressing. The class-rooms and parlors are finished, the tiling of the lower class-room corridor completed, after a pattern and in colors much more beautiful than in the upper corridor, the parlors and the main entrance, as far as it is to go at present, are just finished, and now the good work goes on with the grand stair-case leading from the parlors to the Coleman Museum. The celebration will open on Feb. 20. The programme was published in our previous number. Two circulars have lately been sent out by the Secretary of the Alumni Association, one announcing reduced railroad rates on all lines during the celebration, the other calling for prompt orders for the centennial medal by those who wish to secure that souvenir.—The *College Journal* for December contains an edifying account of the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart; the article speaks of the success of the movement as "a *solvitur ambulando* argument against the non-existence of a religious feeling among the boys of Georgetown," and a "decided refutation of many invidious attacks on the want of piety in American youth."

Havana, *Visit of Mr. James Anthony Froude.*—The noted English historian, Mr. James Anthony Froude, in the course of a tour through the West Indies, paid a visit to the college of our fathers in Havana and was introduced to Fr. Viñes, Director of the observatory, by the governor of the island, who was a former pupil of the college. Mr. Froude has given a detailed account of this visit in his last published work entitled: "The English in the West Indies or the Bow of Ulysses." After having explained the manner in which our fathers became possessed of their present college and property in Havana, he gives an interesting description, which we here omit, of the observatory and its various instruments, and concludes his account in the following words: "As far as I could judge, the fathers are more careful of their pupils' comforts than of their own. As we were passing through one of the corridors, our guide gave us a glimpse of his own room. I saw four bare walls, an uncarpeted floor, a bed, with a crucifix resting on the pillow. There is no parade of ecclesiasticism in the house. The libraries are well furnished with scientific rather than with ascetical works; the chapel has little ornamentation—a few plain, religious paintings here and there. Everything is peculiarly fitted for its purpose, even the gymnasium and bath-rooms. The expenses of the establishment are paid from the tuition-money which the wealthier pupils give; and by an intelligent economy the fathers are enabled to receive their poorer pupils free of charge. They practise a most complete sacrifice of their own personal advantages and comforts. When we were bidding farewell to

the father who had acted as our guide, the marquis respectfully kissed the wrinkled hand of his old teacher—a privilege which, I confess, I greatly envied him."

Hungary, *Letter from Fr. Pold,—Kalocsa.*—This town of 12,000 inhabitants, is situated on the left bank of the Danube, 18 geographical miles south from Budapesth, the capital of Hungary. St. Stephen I., the apostolic king, founded at Kalocsa an archiepiscopal see. In the last century a certain religious order opened here a Latin school, which met with some success until the year 1859. Mgr. Joseph Kunst, then Archbishop of Kalocsa, wished to make his residence a centre of Christian education, the whole southern part of the kingdom being without colleges. But, for want of a sufficient staff of teachers and for other reasons, the Religious mentioned above were not able to meet this prelate's aspirations. Then Ours answered the call of His Lordship to take charge of the vacant chairs. Mgr. Kunst erected a gothic college church, enlarged the other buildings, and procured liberal endowments for the support of our fathers. He was always a loving father to Ours. Besides, the State authorities accorded to our schools the right of conferring diplomas of maturity, which granted academic citizenship in State universities. Finally, our professors were qualified as public State professors. Our first rector, Fr. Alexander Weninger, brother of the late Fr. F. X. Weninger of Cincinnati, O., began in the month of October 1860, with four classes, adding every year one class-room more, until the whole *gymnasium* of eight courses was completed. Cardinal Haynald, our Archbishop since the year 1867, built and improved a substantial observatory, added two wings to the college, and augmented the endowments of his predecessor.—This year, 22 fathers and 7 secular assistants are instructing over 500 students; 177 of them live in the Stephaneum, 18 in the Josephinum, both boarding-houses superintended by Ours; 40 are pupils of the diocesan seminary, a secular priest presiding; the rest are day-scholars.—The obligatory studies are: evidences of religion, the Latin, Greek, Hungarian and German languages, philosophy, poetry, rhetoric, physics, mathematics, geometry, history, geography. Elective studies: gymnastics, stenography, drawing, music (both vocal and instrumental), astronomy, French. The teaching is done in Hungarian.

Budapesth.—Ours are erecting here, by the munificence of some aristocrats, a fine residence and church. Two fathers here are already engaged in missionary work.

Travnik.—The college of Travnik, Bosnia, is the newest jewel of our province. After the expulsion of the Turks from Bosnia and Herzegovina, in 1879, the victorious Austrians resolved to found their politics in those Mohammedan provinces upon a Christian basis and develop occidental civilization. The old Catholic hierarchy was restored, and Ours called to Travnik to instruct the youth of Bosnia in the spirit of Jesus Christ. The government built a commodious college and secured the professors. This year the seventh class was opened, next year the eighth will be introduced, completing the number of the courses in the *gymnasium.* The language of instruction is Illyrian, a sister language to the Polish and Russian. In the progress of time theological courses will be established. Just now a descendant of the old kings of Bosnia, deposed by the Turks, is preparing himself for the Catholic priesthood.

At Prague, where I spent some months, I was happy to be the guide of FF. Brett and Conway, of Maryland. I showed them the tombs of St. John Nepomucene, St. Wenceslas, Vitus, Ludmila, Sigismund, the room where Bl.

Campian lived, and several other treasures, sacred and profane, which Prague possesses in abundance.

India.—Most Rev. George Porter, Archbishop of Bombay, received the last sacraments at Kinkee, he came very near dying before his brother Thomas, but has recovered and is gradually regaining his strength.—There is a famine in several of the districts of India on account of the drought. No rain, no harvest; so there is little hope for the next harvest. There is not even seed to sow, it being all consumed for food. At Kendal one of the missionaries is besieged from early morning till night by the natives demanding bread. He has been able to give to all who came.

The college of Bombay has 1500 pupils, Trichinopoly 1200, Calcutta between 800 and 900, Mangalore 400 to 500. Darjeeling was opened on February 14, 1888, with 50 pupils. A Protestant paper of Darjeeling, *The Englishman*, says: "The Jesuit Fathers will, in a few years, have at Darjeeling one of the greatest and best schools in India. They have the hearty goodwill of the whole population."—*Lettres de Jersey.*

Bengal.—The mission of Chota-Nagpore is more and more blessed with conversions. Fr. Lievens writes: "There are catechumens in forty of the villages. The eve of the month of May, I received 68 families into the church, all converts from paganism. I endeavor to take each village as a whole; it is better even in a material point. Lately I received four villages and I put off five others because several families were wanting . . . . Whole villages come to be received one after another. Since last year the number of catechumens has been increased threefold, 100 chapels built, and the schools multiplied."—P. Haghenbeck writes that from the first of May to the first of July he had received converts in nearly 80 villages of the Uraons, where before there was not a single Catholic. A Protestant Uraon has been converted and by his influence he aids the missionaries very much.

We learn the following from the *Katholische Missionen:* The astonishing and most consoling successes of the Belgian fathers among the *Kolhs* of Chota-Nagpore are growing apace. In August 1887, they counted 15,000 neophytes; in August 1888, they had reached 50,351. Only five fathers are laboring in this rich field, but each of them has forty native catechists to assist him. These catechists are filled with burning zeal and enthusiasm. The author and the soul of the whole movement is the indefatigable Father Lievens.

Mangalore.—The whole of Mangalore has been thrown into deep mourning by the sudden death of Fr. Urban Stein, S. J., for nearly ten years vicar of the cathedral of Mangalore. He went to the Indian missions in 1870, remaining at Bombay for eight years, where on completing his studies he was ordained in 1876. In December 1878, he left Bombay for Mangalore, which place was destined to be the chief seat of his apostolic labors. He was esteemed by all for his piety, his zeal, his charity and his humility.

Italy.—News has reached us that His Holiness, fearing for the spiritual welfare of the Italian population of New York City, requested Abp. Corrigan to take measures in their behalf. The archbishop placed the matter in the hands of Rev. Fr. Provincial, who referred it to V. Rev. Fr. General, begging him to send some Italian fathers to undertake the work. This appeal induced V. Rev. Fr. General to send a letter to the five provinces of Italy asking for fathers willing to labor among their fellow countrymen in New York. Many offered their services, among others Fr. Degni, our Prof. of Physics of last year.—Fr. Bucceroni has been appointed consultor to the Congregation of

Bishops and Regulars, and theologian of the *Dataria*.—Fr. de Maria has been promoted to the consultorship of the Congregation of the Index.—The Gregorian University numbers 707 students; 400 for dogmatic theology, of whom 28 are of the Society (4 biennists).—We are informed by Fr. Pfister that this university is to be partly demolished by the opening of a new street. The refectory and half of the buildings will have to come down. It is hoped that what remains will be sufficient for the university.—At St. Andrea the rooms of St. Stanislaus will lose one of their chapels. These rooms are disposed in the shape of a T. The middle one, where the saint died, and where his beautiful statue by Gros is kept, will not be touched, but the one in the left-arm of the T, in which our Holy Father Leo XIII. said his first Mass, will be torn down.—The Sovereign Pontiff has announced that he will give an altar to the new chapel of the German College—it will be the main altar.

Jesuit Bishops.—Bengal, Mgr. Gocthals, Archb. of Calcutta—Belgian.
Bombay, Mgr. George Porter, Archbp. of Bombay—English.
Poona, Mgr. Beiderlinden, Bp. of Poona—German.
Madura, Mgr. Canoz (lately deceased), Bp. of Trichinopoly—French.
Mangalore, Mgr. Pagani, Bp. of Mangalore—Italian.
Malabar, Mgr. Lavigne, Vicar Apostolic of Cottoyam for the Catholics of the Chaldee rite—French.
Kiang-nan, Mgr. Garnier, Vicar Apostolic of Kiang-nan—French.
Tche-li East, Mgr. Bulté, Vicar Apostolic of Tche-li—French.
Madagascar, Mgr. Cazet, Vicar Apostolic—French.
Mauritius, Mgr. Meurin, Vic. Apost. of M., Titular Abp. of Nisibis—German.
Colombia, Mgr. Paul, Archbp. of Santa Fé—Colombian.
Colombia, Mgr. Velasco, Bishop of Pasto—Colombian.
Ecuador, Mgr. Pozo, Bishop of Gayaquil—Ecuadorian.
Demerara, Mgr. Butler, Vicar Apostolic—English.
Jamaica, Rev. Fr. Thomas Porter (lately deceased), Pro-Vic. Apost.—English.
British Honduras, Rev. Fr. Di Pietro, Prefect Apostolic—Italian.

Messenger.—The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for the New Year announces its final installation in the city offices (at 114 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.). It puts this forward as "a guarantee that it has come to take its permanent place among the magazines of the country." The January number, enlarged and with an increased space devoted to illustration, would seem to argue as much. The Frontispiece—according to a specialty of this magazine—reproduces, from a recent painter, a charming domestic scene, "Christ Child's Come!" The first instalment is given of a richly illustrated article—"a Flight into Egypt"—on "the blessed tree which, tradition says, gave shelter to the Holy Family on their arrival in Egypt." The other illustrated article, evidently by some travelled American lady, deals with "Two Meek Saints' Tombs," at Annecy in Savoy. Of the two poems, also, each is beautifully illuminated: "The Favorite Madonna" is by Helen Grace Smith, a name beginning to appear in the secular magazines; "Ireland's Golden Noon," with its fine 14th-century border, is by Joseph E. Barnaby. The complete long story of the number—"The Holdings of a Vest-Pocket," by Harry Vincent —is a remarkably real, almost photographic, delineation of the struggle and fall of a young man in hopeless search after employment in the great city of New York. The sad truth of the story, apart from its lesson of devotion, is an important instruction for parents and children alike. A biographical sketch is given of "The American Knight of St. Sylvester"

(Col. Garesché, killed at Murfreesboro, 1862), by one whose fifty years of experience well enable to resume the interesting *Life* lately published by the hero's son. "The Reader" reviews the Church, at home and abroad, and the "Evangelical Allianee." A series of articles of popular theology on "The Promises of the Sacred Heart" is begun; the "General Intention" treats of the coming centenary of the French Revolution; and besides the usual devotional articles, there is an interesting and detailed account of "The Present State of the Universal League" of the Sacred Heart, of which the 29 *Messengers,* issued in 14 languages through the world, are the official organs.

Missouri Province, *Detroit.*—In a letter from Fr. Frieden, Rector of Detroit College, the hope is expressed that his long cherished plan of erecting a new college building will soon be realized. The sum required for the work is $100,000 of which $35,000 have already been subscribed by seven gentlemen of the parish. There is a fair prospect that the remaining $65,000 will be secured by next July.—On the feast of the Holy name, Bp. Foley pontificated in our church, and Rev. Fr. Meyer preached. In the evening of the same day the new bishop delivered a sermon to the people.

Cincinnati.—The Alumni of St. Xavier's College have formed an association and adopted a constitution—40 members.

Fr. Weninger.—The following is a convert Jew's tribute to Fr. Weninger. It is written from New Orleans, La., June 30, 1888:—"To my sincere sorrow, I read in to-day's paper of the demise of Fr. Weninger of Cincinnati. Not having had the pleasure of knowing him personally, I have learned to love him from studying some of his works, and it was for some time a favorite idea of mine, when passing through Cincinnati, to call on him and thank him for the great spiritual benefit I derived by perusing his books. His picture is hanging over my desk, and if the prayers of a poor sinful Hebrew convert, whom by his writings he has helped to find again the true and only way that leads to salvation, are acceptable toward the repose of his soul, I will thus try to show him my gratitude."—*Pilgrim.*

Osage Mission.—Fr. Paul M. Ponziglione, the veteran pioneer missionary of Kansas and Indian Territory, will celebrate the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society, on Feb. 27, at Osage Mission, Kan.

The lay-brothers of this province were invested with the habit of the Society on the feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

As we go to press we are informed of the appointment of Fr. John P. Frieden as provincial of this province.

Mission of New Orleans.—Contracts for the erection of water-works at Spring Hill were let last fall. The works will cost $3500, and will supply 10,000 gallons daily, by means of 10-horse power turbine water wheels. The water tower will be 80 feet high and give a pressure of 38 pounds. The water supply comes from a spring at the foot of the hill which flows at the rate of 26 gallons per minute. Next Summer, arc and incandescent electric lights, and ventilator fans will be introduced, the same power being utilized.

New York, *St. Francis Xavier's.*—The new college-hall will be ready in March. A class specimen has been given by every class from 3rd Grammar to Rhetoric. The annual retreat of the Alumni was given by Fr. Merriek. The class-rooms have been provided with new desks.

Fordham, St. John's.—A pious association has been formed at the college, composed of twenty students, for the purpose of aiding Fr. Gélinas in the

instruction of the infirm on Randall's Island. The little band of apostles is under the leadership of two members of the philosophy class.

Keyser Island. — An island near Norwalk, Connecticut, on the New York and New Haven Rail Road, and forty-three miles from New York, has been recently bought by the Maryland New York Province. It is intended to make of it a house of retreat for gentlemen. The island is reached by a bridge and is only twenty minutes' walk from the station, which is one hour's ride from New York. It is known, from the former occupant, as Keyser's Island, but the name will be changed as soon as a suitable one can be found. There are three dwellings and a hot-house, on the island. The dwellings contain 30 rooms, and have a south-eastern exposure so as to catch the sea breeze. A beautiful beach surrounds the island affording excellent opportunities for boating and bathing, while the seclusion afforded is all that can be desired.

Philadelphia, *Gesu, St. John Berchmans Sanctuary Society.*—Although sanctuary societies are given the name of St. John Berchmans in many of our churches, yet it does not seem to be generally known that a society under the patronage of our young saint was especially approved by the Holy Father. To spread the knowledge of this society, those who have the direction of it at our church of the Gesù in Philadelphia have printed a little handbook for the use of the members. From this source we learn that The Saint John Berchmans Sanctuary Society was founded, in 1865, by Fr. Vincent Basile, a Jesuit missionary in Slavonia, who the same year obtained from Pope Pius IX. his approval of the society. The Holy Father was furthermore pleased to enrich it with many indulgences, and to permit any priest to establish it in his church, with the single condition that the consent of the Ordinary of the diocese be obtained. This same little handbook contains a list of the indulgences granted, extracts from the rules of the society, the five prayers to be recited at the meetings (indulgenced), and a calendar of the feasts of the society. The handbook bears the *imprimatur* of His Grace, the Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Rocky Mt. Mission, *Washington Ty.*—Fr. Garrand writes to Rev. Fr. Cataldo, on Dec. 4, "The Indians frequently put me to great inconvenience by summoning me for sick calls when there is no real need. Sometimes I have found the supposed sick person consuming at one meal more food than I would eat in two days—a rather decided sign of life, not to say health. Consequently, I told them not to call me except in cases of real necessity, as it interfered with my other necessary duties. Now they resort to another expedient. About a month ago, Hilaire appeared bringing in his wagon his wife Elizabeth to receive the last sacraments. Had she been really in danger of death the 25 miles' ride would have been enough to kill her. Indeed she did seem very weak, so that I hastened to hear her confession, but as I saw that she was not dying I delayed to give her Holy Communion till the next morning, and refused extreme unction. And, in fact, after four or five days she had quite recovered. This last week an ex-pupil of Salem died of consumption in a very miserable manner. I had been after him several times to get him to go to confession and make his first Communion, but he had always some excuse. He knew English perfectly and I had given him a prayer-book and catechism. Last Easter he went to confession, but could not be induced to go to Communion. A week ago he was dying, and his father, instead of sending for me, called in the medicine man, who answered the summons, and

just as he was beginning his incantations the young man died. This death, in the very act of superstitious worship, has produced a great effect upon the Indians, who see in it the just judgment of God. Yesterday we celebrated the patronal feast at St. Francis Xavier's school, and an agreeable surprise awaited me in the excellent singing of four English canticles by the Indian children. I believe Your Reverence knew that they were preparing this surprise. But I can astonish Your Reverence more by inviting you to the Opera House at North Yakima on Christmas night, when the children of the Yakima Indian Catholic Schools will give their first exhibition on the stage. The subject is the 'Nativity of our Lord and the Adoration of the Shepherds.' The scenes are very simple. In the mountains some shepherds hear the good news from those who have been to Bethlehem, and are invited to go and see the sight. They go and find the girls adoring the new-born Child. All bring offerings with them except one little girl, who cries because she has nothing to give; they console her and bid her offer her heart. The boys have skins of all kinds to lay at the manger, and all feel *indignant* at the way in which the rich people of Bethlehem treated St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. Such is our present occupation, training poor Indian children to preach to the whites. And the whites will perhaps never have heard such a lesson before —and that too from Indians, at the Opera House." The same father writes on Dec. 26:

"Had Your Reverence assisted last night at the exhibition, you would have felt proud of the success of the pupils both of the academy and of the Indian school. The Indians were the last on the programme, but, though they played after the whites, they proudly sustained the comparison. Ignace, who had three of his grandchildren in the representation, was present with several others of the tribe. They expressed their satisfaction as well as their surprise at the children's performance. The girls, in Eastern costume, were as attractive as any of the whites; and one of the Indian boys showed a real talent for declamation. I got a magic lantern to amuse the Indian children during the holidays, but I intend to make it the medium of imparting useful information both sacred and secular. At midnight Mass more than 100 received Holy Communion; Yakima had never before seen such a beautiful Christmas celebration."

Montana.—At St. Ignatius' Mission there were over 600 Communions on Christmas day. Our fathers have not less than 80 boys in their school, and the sisters not less than 90 girls. Fr. Jacquet is prefect of studies.—At St. Peter's, on the other slope of the Rocky Mountains, some 120 children are educated by the Jesuits and the Ursulines. The number of students is increasing, and applicants are refused for lack of room. Christmas night was truly beautiful, and many approached the Holy Table.—Improvements are taking place in the northern part of the territory. Father Damiani has paid several long visits to the Piegans, who have retained their superstitious practices in spite of the zeal of the missionaries. Two years ago, Fr. Damiani obtained from "White Calf," their chief, a considerable tract of land at the foot of the Rockies in a place called "Two Medicine." After he had planted the cross as his landmark he started the work. The logs were hewn and hauled by the Indians, the church has been built, and next spring they expect to put up a residence for the missionary and a school-house for the children. The Cheyenne Mission was closed last November, and all, missionary and nuns, left the place. This step was taken in order to punish the Indians for their lukewarmness. But, as they seem to repent, Fr. Van der Velden and the sisters have returned to them.

Scientific Notes. *Georgetown College Observatory.*— Fr. Hagen has kindly furnished us with the following account of what has been done at the observatory up to Jan. 18: "The work done up to the present time is confined to repairs. The cellar has received a concrete floor, a good whitewashing and a hot-air furnace. The dome has got new shutters, fresh paint and a new gearing, after an ingenious plan of Mr. Gardner of the Naval Observatory, by which the shaft of the pinion has nearly an inch play by means of springs so as never to lose contact with the rack, the latter having the shape of an elliptical ring, as is the case in most domes. Some book-shelves in the library, and a storm- door at the entrance, finish the list of things that may be said to be complete.

"A wire has been run from the Western Union Telegraph office to the observatory, but the apparatus has not yet been procured to receive time-signals. Only five poles had to be erected along the road leading up to the houses near the observatory, the telegraph company allowing the use of their own poles as far as the bridge across the Potomac, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company allowing the use of theirs from the bridge to the aforesaid road; on condition, however, that our wires be not placed nearer than three feet to their telephone wire. Mr. Gardner, who has received the thanks of Congress for his efficient management of the public time service, has kindly offered both to plan and to execute all the electric connections within our observatory and with the Naval Observatory.—Professor Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, has made us a very valuable present, a set of the beautiful astronomical engravings prepared by the late Prof. Winlock, for the purpose of adorning the walls of our observatory.

"Finally, it may be added that the first contact of the solar eclipse on New Year's day was observed here, and the result published. Although the beginning of the eclipse took place only sixteen minutes before sunset, the observation was favored by an exceptionally clear horizon.

"Some instantaneous photographic plates were held in readiness for the last lunar eclipse of Jan 16, but the moon did not show herself all that night."

An Observatory at Woodstock.—Fr. Hedrick has constructed a small but neat observatory a little south-east of the hot-house, where he has a fine sweep of the sky. The dome is twelve feet in diameter, and, being covered with painted canvas, is very light and revolves with the greatest ease. An opening two feet wide extends, not as usual only from the base to the top, but from base to base, through 180°. This arrangement permits a rapid and thorough ventilation of the dome, so as to get the same temperature inside and out. The shutters, by an ingenious arrangement, slide sideways on iron rails instead of turning up. An iron tube 12 feet long is set 7 feet deep into a concrete pier and forms a support for a small equatorial with a 3 inch object glass. At present, however, it is occupied by a universal instrument belonging to Georgetown, with which the latitude and longitude of the observatory is shortly to be more accurately obtained. We hope to publish the results in our next issue.

The Observatory of Pekin and Father Verbiest.—*Nature* for Nov. 8, 1888, contains an abstract of a lecture by Prof. Russell on this observatory. It appears that it is the oldest observatory in the world, having been established in 1279; the oldest in Europe being that of Denmark founded in 1576. The instruments still exist and it is curious to observe that they are exactly similar to those constructed by Tyche Brahe, who was the first European to make astronomical instruments of metal. The Chinese thus anticipated European astronomers by at least three centuries. What interests us is that Verbiest,

the Jesuit father, found the instruments out of order and very clumsy, and, on account of the profuseness of ornament, the stars could not be observed at all with some of them. In the year 1670, so bad were they that Fr. Verbiest was ordered to make six new instruments. It appears that when the high ministers of state were ordered to go to the observatory and make certain observations, the calculations of Fr. Verbiest were verified as correct, while those of Wu Ming Hsuen, the Chinese astronomer, were proved to be wrong. And so Fr. Verbiest was entrusted with the calculation of the calendar and the construction of these instruments, which were of the same general character as the old ones, but much more accurate and more easily adjustable. They are still *in situ*, and pictures of them taken from photographs appeared lately in the French journal *L'Illustration*, from which they were copied into the *Scientific American Supplement* for January 12, 1889.

Fr. Viñes S. J., of Belen College, Havana, continues his meteorological and magnetic observations, and has just published, with beautiful plates, the "4º. Trimestre, Octubre-Diciembre, 1886."

Electrical Tension.—The last number of the Annals of the Scientific Society of Brussels contains an interesting and neat proof, by the Rev. Joseph Delsaulx, S. J., Professor of Physics in the Scholasticate at Louvain, of a remarkable and important theorem due to Clerk Maxwell, on electrical tension. Many proofs have hitherto appeared, but this of Père Delsaulx seems to be the most simple. We are indebted to the learned author for a copy of his little *brochure*, containing this elegant piece of analysis.

At Madagascar a new observatory is in process of construction at the expense of the mission; the instruments, some of which are of great value, have been given by the French Navy.

Fr. S. J. Perry has been elected Member of the French Astronomical Society.

Soudan.—Mgr. Sogaro, Vicar Apostolic of Central Africa, writes as follows: "The long experience of my predecessors as well as my own, and the advice of influential persons, induced me to express to the Sovereign Pontiff the wish that our missionaries and their pupils might be formed into a congregation with perpetual vows. The Holy Father deigned not only to approve this plan, but also to bring about its execution. For he empowered me to inform the Very Rev. Fr. General of the Society of Jesus that it was the wish of His Holiness that two Jesuit fathers might be sent to us to form our first novices. Thus, in Oct. 1885, we were able to realize the ardent wish of my predecessor Mgr. Comboni, to have the formation of our novices put into the hands of the Jesuit fathers. Since that time all is well with us. The novitiate is in Verona and lasts two years. Last October ten of our novices took their vows."—*Katholische Missionen.*

Spain, *Loyola.*—The feast of St. Ignatius was celebrated this year with greater pomp than ever before. At the same time the triduum in honor of our new saints was celebrated and the new church opened. Begun two centuries ago, it has just been finished, thanks to the devoted assistance of the inhabitants. There is perhaps not a single one who has not wished to do his share and to work for the glory of St. Ignatius. Relays of laboring men succeeded one another daily, and they worked *gratis*, without lifting their eyes, it is said, or smoking a cigarette.

Gandia.—The palace in which St. Francis Borgia was born at Gandia has been purchased by our fathers, and is to be used as a residence.

Majorca.—The canonization of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez was celebrated with much enthusiasm.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Home News.—*Autumn Disputations*, Nov. 30, and Dec. 1, 1888.

Ex Tractatu de Deo Creante—*Defender*, Fr. Eicher; *Objectors*, FF. Colgan and De Smedt.

Ex Tractatu de Verbo Incarnato—*Defender*, Fr. de la Motte; *Objectors*, Fr. Crimont and Mr. de la Morinière.

Ex Sacra Scriptura—"Quid mihi et tibi est, mulier?" Dissertation by Fr. Laure.

Ex Ethica—*Defender*, Mr. F. Connell; *Objectors*, MM. Otting and Conners.

De Intellectu Humano—*Defender*, Mr. Raby; *Objectors*, MM. Heman and Russell.

De Quantitate Mundana—*Defender*, Mr. Taelman; *Objectors*, MM. Weis and McNiff.

Mr. McMenamy gave a lecture on Gravitation, illustrated by new and interesting experiments. The lecturer was assisted in the experiments by MM. Talbot and Singleton.

Laundry.—A new laundry has been erected near the old one, supplied with a 20-horse power boiler and a 12-horse power engine, a steam mangle, a centrifugal wringer, two washing machines, and a steam drying closet. A cistern of about 4000 gal. capacity has been built just below the laundry, fed from the spring near the gate of the old football field. A line of three inch pipe has been laid from the cistern to the skating pond, by means of which the pond can be flooded in 15 minutes.

Library.—Our thanks are due to Fr. Prachensky who has presented the college library with the first seven volumes, magnificently gotten up, of a German translation of the *Summa* of St. Thomas. The translator is Dr. C. Schneider, a man of considerable ability, but a rabid Thomist, who interprets St. Thomas according to his own preconceived notions. He is violently opposed to the great Jesuit interpreters of the Angelic Doctor.

Parish.—The little parish church at Woodstock has undergone a marked change since Fr. Brandi took charge last summer. Memorial windows in imitation of stained glass, all very beautiful in design, a grand chandelier of polished brass with crystal pendants, and the painting and frescoing of walls and ceiling, give the whole interior an elegant and at the same time devotional appearance. All this has been done at a cost of $850, all of which was defrayed by the little congregation. The walks and terraces around the church have also been put in order, and a new fence put around the graveyard.

The American Ecclesiastical Review, which takes the place of *The Pastor*, announces in the February number that Fr. Sabetti will hereafter have charge of the *casus conscientiæ* and their solutions.

As we go to press we hear that the residence at Goshenhoppen (Bally, Berks Co., Pa.) has been given to the bishop. The residence of Ours at El Paso, Texas, has also been abandoned.